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Diary of Mrs. Joseph Brewer



Diary of Mrs. Joseph Brewer

Trip to Hawaii, December 1881 to April 1882

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Monday, Dec. 5, 1881. Left Boston at 6 p. m. on the Pacific express. Mrs. Washburn has the section opposite us. She is on her way to Chicago to visit her son. A gentleman is sitting next us, in No. 10. A lady gets in at Worcester & wanders up and down saying she wants to find No. 10. "I am No. 10 upper," says our neighbor. "And I am No. 10 lower" says she. Upon which introduction they sit down & talk like old friends. We catch words now and then of "spirits" and "sceances" etc. We christen Eliza's lunch basket at tea, & find it very good indeed. Our party consists of J. B. and H.S.B. This is our wedding day.  
[inset] BREWER-SLOCUM - In Jamaica Plain, 5th inst., by Dr. Charles F. Dole, Joseph Brewer to Helen, daughter of William H. Slocum

Tuesday, Dec. 6. Early breakfast at Syracuse, being independent with our lunch basket we wait to get up until we come to Rochester, where we see the falls of the (blank) river. At about one o'clock we cross Suspension Bridge & have a fine view of Niagara Falls & rapids. This evening we reach Detroit. Dining room car put on at S.B.

Wednesday, Dec. 7. Arrive at Chicago early in the morning. Cross the city with "two [?] landmen" & breakfast in station of C.B. & Q.R.R. Then walk noticing the picture sign boards, and start west again by C.B. & Q. at 12.5 P.M. Beautiful day. Have first view of the prairies - settler's houses with the big hay cocks - cattle grazing and the long lines of Normandy poplars. Very fine sunset. Walk at Galesborough Ill. while the others take their supper. Meet minister & wife bound to Montana from Trenton N.J. Cross Mississippi [sic] to Burlington.

Thursday, Dec. 7. Have our breakfast just in time to change cars at Council Bluffs, where the baggage is checked through to San Francisco. Meet the woman with the stock of candy, who refuses to cross the water; an old Jew with his feather bed and sheets done up in his comforter. Emigrants of every kind and description. After settling in the new car W.P.R.R. we go out to walk. See train of emigrant wagons. Immense pumpkins & crook necked squash, and grasses of all kinds shown as products of Nebraska. Start at 11.30. Cross the Missouri river & travel through the valley of the Platte river. Go out on the end platform of the car & watch the hills grow purple in the distance. See an old shepherd with his flock, & a man come out for his mail from a little home near the water tank. Pass little western towns with streets all at right angles & houses built up in front to make room for the sign & solitary houses built of old sleepers & yards fenced in with them. All have haycocks far larger than the buildings. Arrive at Grand Island, Neb. at suppertime.

Friday, Dec. 9th. Breakfast at Sidney Neb. Reach Cheyenne, W.T. at 1.40 P.M. & Sherman, 8,235 ft. above the sea at 3.45. Curious round rocks looking as if washed by the sea, and

at Sherman were fossil fishes in the museum. This morning we had our first view of the Rocky Mts.- just the snowy peak away off across the prairie, as a ship stands up above the horizon at sea. In the afternoon we pass through Laramie Plain. Just after dark we come upon a break down and are delayed nearly an hour. Our neighbors across the car & in front tell stories of road-agents, etc. The latter is very lucky & tells how the robbers once left him all he had to drink their health with when they found only \$1.50 in his pockets, & how in a stage-coach accident he was the only one of 11 passengers who escaped unhurt. He is tall & thin & looks like an old hunter. The other is short & round & roly-poly like a big jolly boy. He is on his way to look after some mines in Arizona & is a N.Y. stock broker. This day I lose my pen.

Saturday, Dec. 10. Pass Rock Springs at day break & see the coal-mines, & a miner with a lantern on his cap. Breakfast at Green River. Sun rise over the mts. & great rocks on the peaks. Travel through Rocky Mts. all the morning. While the others dine at Evanston, we walk & buy some French (?) bread, and some beer and see advertisements of Mme. Demorest's patterns. In afternoon pass through Echo Canon, Utah. See the cattle, Pulpit Rock, The Devil's Slide and gate. Grand precipices of red rock looking as if they were carved into bastions & castles & fortifications. Then out of sight of the mts. again. Glorious day & sunset light on the mts. is beautiful, the snow catching and reflecting back the light & colors. Change cars at Ogden. Travel with a gentleman & his wife from St. Paul. She writes long letters to her son at home, which the father fears will divert his attention from his lessons. Capt. Colson sits opposite. He comes from New Bedford on his way to take command of the "Sapho" bound into the Arctic Ocean for whales

Sunday, Dec. 11. We walk while the others breakfast at Elko, Nevada. See Indians & their wigwams today. Travel through Humboldt valley & see many more cattle than before. Received telegram from Mr. Smith at San Francisco. See curious black & white birds that look like magpies - or huge devils-darning-needles. Tonight we go through the Sierra Nevada Mts. We stay awake some time & watch the scenery - deep ravines & high mts.- but we go to sleep at last & miss #Mt. Horn. (Note at top of page: #Cape Horn.)

Monday, Dec. 12. Arrive at Sacramento soon after daylight. See green fields & large orchards. Quantities of wild water fowl in the marshes. Cross a ferry in the largest ferry boat in the world, and arrive at Oakland about 11:30 A.M. See Aunt Jennie & Aunt Lizzie before the train stops. Soon after, Mr. Smith. Cross the bay all together. The sun comes out & lights up the mts. The bay is very beautiful. Take a carriage & drive out to #2652 Folsom St. A man on the way comes out into the street to post a letter & save Joe's getting out into the mud. Find the two Lizzies & Uncle Ward



waiting to receive us. Uncle Barnum comes to dinner. Just before, Mr. Smith sends a beautiful basket of flowers. Joe goes to town in the afternoon to send home a telegram, & Lizzie & I visit a Chinese wash-house.

Tuesday, Dec. 13. Joe goes to the city, & I go with Aunts J. & L. We ride on the cable road, go through "China town", try to find a stylographic pen & visit the markets. Lunch at the Vienna Bakery & then go out to the Golden Gate Park, where we go through a beautiful conservatory. We also call upon Mrs. Loring Cunningham & see her daughter-in-law, and a most beautiful view of the Mts. & bay from Mrs. McNeil's window. Then to Mrs. Bellshaw's where Aunt Lizzie waited for Aunt J. & me. We all take tea at Aunt Lizzie's & we see Ada, who was away the day before. Joe brings letters from Mary and Annie & Alice Cary to my great joy.

Wednesday, Dec. 14. J. & I go to the Zealandia & see our large airy state-room. Hear that the steamer will not sail until the next week. We lunch at the Palace Hotel & see a lady who travelled with us from Ogden. We go home at two thinking Mr. Peirce & Mr. Smith will call but they do not come. In the evening we call upon Mr. & Mrs. McCoppin, meet Mrs. Morgan & have a very pleasant call. More letters from home.

Thursday, Dec. 15. A very rainy day. Joe has a horrid tooth-ache. The rest of us take tea with Aunt Lizzie, but he cannot go. Mr. Peirce & Mrs. Smith call in spite of the rain & bring letters for us both.

Friday, Dec. 16. We work over our Christmas cards all day, marking & directing them & have a very pleasant cosy day by Aunt Jennie's bright fire. Mr. Edward Fling comes to call to our great surprise. We are so glad to see him. We dress for our dinner & start, as we think, just in time to post our Xmas cards, but the branch P.O. is closed as we arrive & we have to go down town. We send them all off safely & get to Mr. McCoppin's just in time. Mr. & Mrs. Vanness & Leslie dine with us. A very pleasant evening.

Saturday, Dec. 17. Shop with Joe in the morning & dine at the "Palace," then meet Aunt J. at the Woodward's Gardens. See the sea-lions & all the animals, the aquarium & aviary, & a variety performance in the Pavilion. The lion that Ada carried in her arms is the largest one of all now. Saw tight rope dancing for the first time, and some "Alpine Singers" - sang very well. We call upon Mary Simms & see her four boys on our way home. Joe goes to the dentist, who finds the trouble with his tooth & relieves him at once. We also call upon Dr. Brigham who invites us to dine with him on Monday.

Sunday, Dec. 18. We write & walk to the old "Mission Dolores," & call upon Mrs. McCoppin. Aunt Lizzie's family all dine at Aunt Jennie's and we have some music in the evening.

Lizzie Riden & Tom go to church. Mr. Smith & Miss Eldredge call in the evening.

Monday, Dec. 19. Pack all the morning. Aunts L. & J. go to town. We dine at Aunt Lizzie's, where Ada cooked dinner. The Aunts come in before we finish. In the afternoon Aunt Lizzie shows me her plants & garden & gathers me a bouquet of flowers. In the evening call upon Aunt Lizzie with Joe & speak for the express.

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mr. Thomas Ward comes to bid us good bye & talks about going to my great grandmothers before Aunt Eliza was married & how he used to have such good times with her & Aunt Sarah. How he had never met Father, but knew his Father before he was married. Mr. McCoppin comes to say goodbye. Aunt J. & Aunt L. go with us to the steamer. Mr. Smith & Mr. Peirce come to say goodbye & Mr. P. gives us some apples & lemons. We also see Mrs. Cunningham & her son & Mrs. McNeil. Mr. Smith brings us a telegram from her home dated Dec. 16, sent thinking the steamer would sail the 17th. All well, we are so glad to hear. When the steamer sails we get our cabin in order & write letters for the pilot. We have a beautiful day & the bay is beautiful. The Panama steamer arrives just before we leave. We watch the pilot climb down into the little boat sent out for him from the large pilot boat, with the letters in his mouth.

Wednesday, Dec. 21. Uncomfortable day, but I struggle about on deck. We see Mr. Greenwood who lends us a book of O'Connel's poems.

Thursday, Friday & Saturday, Dec. 22, 23, 24. I stay almost all of the time in our state room & rejoice that it is so airy & comfortable. There is a gale & on the other side of the ship the windows have to be closed, but we have all the air we want. Saturday evening I cannot find one of Joe's socks & so fill one of mine for him.

Sunday, Dec. 25th. Joe caught me with Merry Christmas once I know before midnight & then again later. We want to look at our stockings before daylight & after some trouble Joe lights the lamp & we have a good time over our presents & very pretty cards. Joe has a necktie from Eliza, a book from Mother, pocket letter case from Laura & a stylographic pen from Mary. With this we are both delighted. I have a "wood-fire" card from Mother, a beautiful handkerchief from Eliza which her mother chose in Europe in 1871, a whisk brush & very pretty case from Nannie, a note-book from Laura & a calendar from Nan, besides cards from Lillie & Fanny & Aunt Jennie & Aunt Lizzie & Tom for us both, & from Eleanor & Mrs. Cunningham for me. We take out the photograph book & enjoy that & rearrange the pictures. After breakfast we receive calls from #Miss Judd and Mr. Adams, and from Mrs. Howard Reed, an English lady who is on her way home to Sydney. We go to the service in the cabin, which the captain & purser

#For identifications see pages 52 - 54.

read. In the afternoon we go up on deck and in the evening there is music in the saloon again. For a Christmas at sea we decide it has been a very pleasant one. Joe is so fascinated with his new pen that he has written ever so many letters.

Monday, Dec. 26. Mrs. White has her chair just under our window & I sit with her & Mrs. Reed & another lady bound for Australia, while either Mrs. Reed or the doctor read "Valentine Vox." I showed Mrs. White my Xmas cards & photographs & the Doctor made remarks about them which the English people laughed at. He showed us his collections of monograms, helped the ladies with their knitting & embroidery, & tells us how to make impressions of butterflies' wings by using gold sizing and rubbing gently with cotton wool, & impressions of ferns by using oiled paper smoked over an oil lamp turned up too high. It must be then hung up for several days, the ferns must be carefully pressed, laid on the smoky paper, covered with blotting paper & rolled once one way. Then take up the fern & lay it on the card or silk & cover with blotting paper & roll once more. This he says is the last new thing in England & a great secret! Joe & I go forward and watch the spray about the steamer's bow & see rainbows & most beautiful colors in the water. The baggage is brought up on deck & passengers are allowed to go to their trunks. Joe gets out my present from Mary which proves to be two very pretty collars. Also his present from Nannie which is silk handkerchiefs. This evening is the inauguration of the "Zealandia Genial Club." Mr. Jones gives the inaugural address. His sister Miss Hastings recites the country man's impressions of Rubenstein's music. Miss King & the Australian lady & Mr. White & the Doctor all sing. Someone reads Tennyson's "Lady Clare" & Mr. Brown reads another poem of Tennyson's where the old horse trots "Troperty! Troperty!" Full chorus of "God Save the Queen" to wind up the entertainment, but "The Star Spangled Banner" was not a success. Pleasant evening.

Tuesday, Dec. 27. We pack in the morning. It is rainy & foggy but we see land before lunch. At lunch it is very rough indeed. I ask Mrs. Reed to write in my birthday book & have a cosy little call upon her in her state-room after lunch. The coast is beautiful. We can see the cocoa-nut palms with the glass & houses among them. The hills are very green where there is grass & the black lava rocks look very dark in contrast. Curious seaming of strata & zigzag marking on the rocks. At last we see Diamond Head & then turn the last point & Honolulu is in sight! We wait about a little for the pilot, who comes out at last with a Mr. Oate, who is in the P.O. & whose wife is on board. They are rowed by natives. The mail is lowered into their boat & we, after backing several times, go over the bar & are pulled in to the wharf. This is a tedious process & we look longingly up & down the wharf for May & Will. Mrs. Castle recognized one after another, & at last we see them with

Mr. Jones. Five native naked boys swim out & dive for the silver that is thrown to them. Mr. Mandell says he has seen the natives do the same thing at the Western Islands, Fayal & St. Michael's. They are as much at home as the fishes, & often catch the money before it reaches the bottom. It is funny to watch their bright eyes & eager little faces, & then to see them strike out for the place where the money fell with long strides - almost leaps ahead - & then a splash! - six or eight brown feet & legs in the air. For a moment they all disappear & then come up, the successful one holding up his prize for a moment to show that he found it, & then putting it into his mouth. There seems to be no limit to the amount they can hold in this way. One little fellow must have had several dollars in halves & quarters, & was eager for more. We see the fishing boats with the curious balance out on one side & the natives fishing. They are very fond of fish & will have them at any price. A man who earns only \$1.50 a day will sometimes spend \$1.00 for a fish & not a very large one either. I bid goodbye to Mrs. Reed & Mr. & Mrs. White & Mr. Mandell & then May & Will & Mr. Jones come on board & we step off the ship onto the wharf. How good it is to be on dry land again. It is raining. They say it has been raining for a month. May & I & get into one carriage & are driven to Mr. Jones. # The others follow. Mrs. Jones receives us very kindly & May & Will stay to dinner. After dinner Joe goes to see about the trunks & we find a large mail from home, which is a surprise & very welcome. Then we go out to our little cottage which is so pretty & cosy & pleasant & comfortable. Two nice rooms & a bathroom & veranda all to ourselves. Fresh fruit on the table & flowers & ferns. We see Ada & Alice when we first arrive & Eddie comes in to dinner & brought part of the mail. Ada is a pretty little girl of twelve. She had the fever very severely two years ago & is still delicate. Alice is two & just as sweet as she can be. Eddie must about eighteen. He is in business here. They are all so kind that we feel at home at once. May & Will go to a dance at Mrs. Parks.

Wednesday, Dec. 28. This is grandfather's birthday & we think of them all at home & wish we could see them. Joe names our cottage Williams Cottage in honor of the day. We hear afterwards that it had been named before "Planters' Rest," but it will always be "Williams Cottage" to us. Mrs. Carter comes soon after breakfast with May & Will & brings some beautiful flowers - roses, ferns & heliotrope. I can hardly believe this is winter. We give May her presents. Later Joe goes down town & Mrs. Jones, Ada & I drive out to Nannie's place at Waikiki. A beautiful drive. Lentana is growing like a weed beside the road. We pass some beautiful gardens with palms & other tropical trees & flowers and the air is so sweet. It reminds me of a June morning at home. At Waikiki we go over the house & see the china that has been saved for Nannie & go to the beach where there are beautiful colors in the water. In the afternoon Joe & I

# For map showing location of residences, see p.55.

walk up onto one of the near hills & have a most beautiful view. See natives washing in the stream & their taro patches, watered from the mts. & the water conducted on from one garden to another. We see the prickly pear & Joe keeps tumbling against it. There is a delicious air on top of the hill & we sit there & enjoy it & the beautiful view until it is time for dinner. Even then Joe says he would rather have the view than a dinner. Besides Mrs. Carter, Judge & Mrs. Frank Judd, Miss Judd, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop & Miss Cleghorn, Mrs. McGrew & Miss Winter & Judge & Mrs. Hartwell called to see us today.

Thursday, Dec. 29. Ada & I walked part way down town with Joe. On our way back we stopped at Mr. Hall's garden & Ada gathered two guavas for me, a beautiful ginger blossom & some other flowers & ferns. At our gate we met a fellow passenger, an English lady who says she has never seen so many flowers together before, and who is delighted with the Bouganvilliu, only she can hardly believe it is the same plant she has seen at home. This is so much more brilliant. Mrs. Carter, May & Agnes come for us to go to Mr. Furneaux's studio & see his pictures. May, Agnes & I get in together & drive down town to the public buildings. We have to wait some time. At last Mr. Furneaux comes & we go up with him. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Jones & Ada & Mrs. Allen & a Miss Purviss come before long & also Mrs. Beard. We see some wonderful pictures of the volcano which Mrs. Carter say are very good pictures of the last flow, pictures of flowers which are very good & pictures of different places on the Islands. Then we go to Mrs. Carter's to lunch & after lunch she takes us to see Mrs. Wilder's house & the beautiful view from the top. Then George gathers some cocoa-nuts and we drink the milk & eat the meat with a spoon. When we come home we find a beautiful picture of Diamond Head by Mr. Furneaux, which Mrs. Carter has sent us with her love and compliments. We are both perfectly delighted with the picture and with Mrs. Carter's kindness. It will be so nice to have it to take home. It is a beautiful picture in itself, & its association with Mrs. Carter and with the Islands makes it invaluable to us. In the evening we go to Col. Judd's to an amateur minstrel performance. First the minstrels sing & make jokes, then they act "Box & Cox" very well, and wind up with "The Lancers by the Figi Flutterers" which is very funny. One energetic young woman lifts her partner up in her arms & carries him off the stage. It is beautiful moonlight when we drive out, but cloudy when we come home. Our callers today were Dr. & Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. F. N. Harris, Mr. & Mrs. Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Jos. Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Hall, Mr. & Mrs. Saml Carter.

Friday, Dec. 30. Joe & Will drive to Weikiki. Mrs. Carter, Mary & Will dine with us at Mr. Jones'. May plays & we have a very pleasant evening. Mr. & Mrs. Park and Mrs. Severance, Mr. & Mrs. Saml Damon & Mr. & Mrs. John Waterhouse call in the evening & later Mrs. Carter, May & Will & Joe & I call

upon Mr. & Mrs. Jos. Carter & Mr. & Mrs. Frank Judd & meet the Parks again. Judge Judd shows us his cape of yellow & red feathers, & a wreath of yellow feathers that he said Mrs. Judd wore sometimes to the admiration & envy of the natives. They have a beautiful magnolia painted by Mr. Furneaux and a picture near the White Mts. painted by Richardson, a Philadelphia artist.

Saturday, Dec. 31. Mrs. Carter calls for us in an omnibus at 10 o'clock & Mrs. Jones & Mrs. Carter & Miss Judd, & May & Mary Carter, Miss Severance & Joe & I drive out together to Mrs. Bishop's place at Weikiki, where Mrs. Bishop & Mrs. Allen give a picnic lunch together. We are the first to arrive. A native man is making poi & a native woman is washing. We go down onto the beach & look for shells. The day is so cold the sun on the sand is very pleasant. Mrs. Bishop & Mrs. Allen come very soon & open the house. A good many go in to bathe & Joe takes his turn in my dress when the ladies are all through with the bath house. Mr. Bishop & Mr. Allen, Mr. Jones & Will come down later & the lunch is served on a table with plates, knives & forks and all the luxuries of the season! Fish cooked native fashion in tea leaves is very nice. At lunch there were between twenty & thirty people at table, waited on by two fine looking natives. Afterward there was some music & dancing & more talking until it was time to come home. Joe & I go with Mrs. Carter to call upon Mr. & Mrs. Comly (U.S. legation), also upon Judge & Mrs. Hartwell. Mr. Comley was not at home & Mrs. C. too ill to see us. Mrs. Hartwell was not at home, but we met Judge H. at his gate & had a very pleasant call upon him. Mrs. B. H. Austin, Mr. Alex. McKibbin & Mrs. Dowsett & Mr. Hatch called upon us.

Sunday, Jan 1, 1882. Spend the day quietly at home. I write to Father. Beautiful clear day & warmer than it has been.

Monday, Jan. 2. Joe goes down town & I go up to see May, who has a bad cold, & spend the morning with her. In the afternoon we call upon Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. McGrew & Mrs. Dominis. Mr. Dole, Mr. & Mrs. Damon & Mr. & Mrs. Gale call upon us in the evening. Mr. & Mrs. Adams called in the afternoon to invite us to dine with them on Wednesday. This is Queen Emma's birthday & a fete day in the city. We see the crowd about her house. Mrs. Dominis, Mrs. McGrew & Mrs. Bishop have beautiful gardens. Miss Cleghorn & Miss Brown were playing on the piano as we walked up to Mrs. Bishop's & the music & the tropical plants seemed very like fairy land - or an Arabian night's tale. Another beautiful day.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. I spend the morning again with May & lunched at Mrs. Carter's, first walking down town with Joe & buying cotton, etc. for mending. Miss Carter brings us some beautiful flowers. A branch of passion flower keeps fresh a long time



& a flower opens every day. A beautiful ginger blossom too lasts a long time. This afternoon we called upon Dr. & Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Harris, M. & Mme. Koechlin & Mrs. Beard & at Mrs. Park's. In the evening we called upon Mr. & Mrs. Hall, & Mr. & Mrs. Damon & went to see May & Will.

Wednesday, Jan. 4. Went to see May in the morning. Mr. & Mrs. Jones, Joe & I dined at Mr. Adams. A Chinese dinner served in style by two chinamen. First soup handed to each one, then fish (broiled) with potato croquet & tomato garnished with fancy radish, carrot & beat & parsley.  $\frac{1}{2}$  egg (yolk pounded with celery) in centre & hard boiled egg cut endways at each side. This handed to each. Third course mutton chops surrounded by fried potatoes & trimmed with parsley. Fourth turkey garnished with greens & carved by Mr. Adams, salad served by Mrs. Adams - potatoes, green peas, turnips & (blank)) with turkey. Fifth cocoa-nut pudding. Sixth ice-cream & cake (at which the little boys' eyes shine) & last, coffee. Mr. Ned Allen has lived at Castine & knows Mary & Hannah Wild. Mrs. Allen is a sister of Eleanor's friend Dr. Fisher, & shows us her photograph. She has a fine face. Mrs. John Paty, Mr. & Mrs. Glade, M. & Mme. Koechlin & Mrs. Guibert called upon us today.

Thursday, Jan. 5. I go to walk with Mrs. Jones. First to Antoine's garden, where we see several curious plants & he gives us each roses & other flowers, also seeds of the "travellers' tree" & has promised to save seeds of the coral plant & bring them to Mrs. Jones when they are ripe. We see Mrs. Lewers at work in her garden, & we go in to see a young native woman and her baby, a little girl born on Christmas eve. Afterwards we call upon the native minister's wife. We meet the minster at his gate, leading out his horse & he rides off with a boy behind him. His wife is at home & she talks & reads English very well. Her husband only understands native, but she takes "The Christian Register" or some other English religious paper & reads it regularly & translates to him so that he knows and can tell his people what is going on in the outside world. Both these houses were as neat and home-like as possible. The minsters' children were handsome & looked well & strong & the baby was very pretty. Both these women were educated in one of the mission schools. We walk on to the bridge & see some very pretty little falls. Mrs. Jones inquired about Ada's old nurse from the minster's wife. She has a threatening of leprosy, but the doctor thinks he can cure her. She does not want Mrs. Jones to come & see her because she is afraid of cantageon. This is what the woman says, but Mrs. J. thinks she can never be cured. After lunch at Mrs. Jos. Carter's make a little call upon May. After dinner take my first ride with Joe. They cannot send up the horse, so I drive down to the stable with the saddle & mount there. We ride out to the Weikiki road where it turns to go down to the beach; then we turn back and ask some China men where Mr. Carter lives, but they do not understand. So we try the

first avenue & ride across a field & up to a watering trough, then on to a place to tie horses. A gentleman comes out & tells us Mr. Carter's house is the next one towards Honolulu. It has been very dark & it is not light enough to see any path over the grass yet, though the moon is just rising. We find the house at last, & have a very pleasant call upon Mrs. Carter & her daughter, & the boys are very kind & helpful. Mr. Carter was tired & had gone to bed. Coming home we took the road round Punch Bowl, crossed a little stream & then rode a mile or more up the valley. The moon came out bright the last part of the way & even before the mts., were very beautiful & wild under the clouds. Going out it was so dark we walked all the way & so I gained confidence in the horse & saddle. The latter Mrs. Frank Judd lent me & coming home we cantered. The little white one is very easy & we enjoy our first ride very much indeed.

Friday, Jan 6 Joe goes down early to bring up the horses. Will & George Carter come soon after & we all start off together (calling on May first under her window) for Tanatalus. We see the little native boys sliding on boards, or rather coasting on the slippery grass down the slope of Punch Bowl. We meet the Frenchman and "Madame," she looking very fresh & pretty in a light grey habit & white straw hat. Joe invites them to ride with us but they decline. We climb on & up, each mountain looks as if it were the next to Tantalus until we have climbed it & see another beyond. The view grows finer & finer. First we can look down into the crater of Punch Bowl, & then into that of Diamond Head & at last we see the grove of cocoa-nuts round the other side of Diamond Head. The grass is very heavy & thick. We see China men making hay, which they cut with a spade & make by tossing it about with their hands. There are plenty of Prickly Pears & lentana on the mt., also a pretty shrub with a round yellow ball for a flower. George gathers me some seeds. By & by we come to the Koa & Kukui trees, the latter's light, almost yellow foliage showing in fine contrast with the dark leaves of the Koa. Then the horses are walking almost knee deep in wild wandering jew. The leaf is like ours at home only this has a blue flower. Near the top of the mountain we see some natives & soon come upon their mule & horse tied to some bushes. We consult about going on to the top & finally decide we will, so leave our horses & begin the climb. It is pretty steep & we stop several times to rest, but finally reach the top. The view is very fine & there is a very fresh wind which makes Will & Joe fasten up their coats tight. We watch an owl sailing about below us, & Will says the owls fly all day here. He sees a pheasant, but the rest of us are not quick enough. George pointed out his camping ground & the mountain beyond which is even higher than Tantalus, which holds true to its name to the last. Coming up we watch a vessel coming in which turned out to be the "John D. Spreckles." We saw the little tug go out & the vessel come smoothly in the harbor. Coming down is warm work but much quicker than going up & the clouds



are over the sun which makes the heat & glare less. The ferns near the top of Tantalus are very pretty. We part with George & Will at the Valley Road & after a lunch, bath & nap feel as fresh as ever. We were gone about 3½ hours. George told about chasing wild cattle & some of his camping experiences. His dog Marmion went with us. When Will thought that he would come home pretty tired, George turned at once to say he travelled 50 miles in two days only a little while ago. In the evening we call upon Mr. & Mrs. Dole. The lamplight shining thro' the open door upon the vines & palms looks very pretty & hospitable. We have a very pleasant call & are introduced to their dog & cat. Then we go to return Mrs. Dowsett's call & see her & her daughter & Mrs. Alexander McKibbin & a young man whose name I forget. Then Mr. Damon's. He was at church conducting the service for Mr. Cousannie who was not well, & Mr. & Mrs. Gale feeling the heat very much had gone to bed, but we had a very pleasant call upon Mrs. Damon, who told us her earliest & pleasantest recollections of Honolulu were associated with Mrs. Brewer, who had been very kind to her. Her husband preached at the "Bethel." He is called Father Damon, & has done a very great deal for pool sailors. Everybody knows, likes & respects him.

Saturday, Jan. 7 In the morning Miss Judd telephones down to know if I will ride with her. We stop first to enquire how Mrs. Comly is & her daughter says better. Then to the entrance to the Kulihi valley & on beyond towards the Waianai Mts, which are very beautiful today. We pass Ruth's house & her brother's, both are very gay & bright with rich flowers. If Ruth were at home Miss Judd would have stopped, but she is in town attending to her town house, wh. she hopes to open in February. We see the Insane Asylum, which is prettily situated in among the hills. Miss Judd tells about a family named Morris who live up the valley. Mr. M. came out first & started a plantation for bananas, etc. up the valley. He grew gradually accustomed to the new rough life & at last sent for his wife to join him. She came out prepared for the same civilization she left at home & brought a fine Brussels carpet for her parlor floor. Her husband met her at the wharf with bare feet & carried her home in an ox-cart. The disappointment & mortification were too much for her as the story goes & she never left the valley after she went into it, to come to town. They had no children of their own, but they adopted one who is now grown up & married. Mrs. Morris proved herself a thrifty house keeper & her home was always neat though very plain. People attracted by their story often visited them. They said that Mr. M. managed his bananas so well he must be very rich now, but they always lived simply & he does still. His wife lived with him a good many years but is now in the Insane Asylum at the entrance of the valley. Coming home we stopped at the prison. The men go out during the day to work, some on the roads & about town, some in the prison. We saw their cells which looked very clean & sweet. The

prison is high & near the sea so the view from the top is beautiful. The men sleep in hammocks, which are washed every week as are the blankets. The whole place is cleaned every day, but twice a week it is washed & Saturday everything is very thoroughly scrubbed. Mr. Fife, the superintendant is very particular about neatness & during the small pox, though the men were about the streets and exposed often, there was not a single case in the prison. His wife thinks this was greatly owing to his being so particular that everything should be scrupulously clean. She & her children live in the prison. She is a pretty young woman & her children looked rosy & well, too fresh & young & pretty for such surroundings. Two of Mrs. Glade's children were with them & they played about the yard as merrily as if they had it all to themselves. Two policemen sat under the shade of the trees & one guarded the door. Down cellar we saw the tubs of poi which the prisoners eat. They used to have each his ration served to him in a tin mug or can, but sometimes they did not want it all & then threw away or left the rest, & it was hard to keep the tins sweet & clean. Now the tubs are carried out into the yard & several sit around & eat what they want. This plan the men like as more sociable (!) & it is much cleaner & less wasteful. We saw the big tubs or vats where the poi is made. The prisoners wear trousers & shirt made of blue & brown coarse cotton stuff. One leg is blue & one brown & half the shirt is blue & half brown, so that if they run away they will be known.

We ride home through the town & see the natives making wreathes or "lais", as they call them, or natural flowers. Miss Judd suggests that we stop for a moment to see Mrs. Judd on her way home. She says it is Judge Judd's birthday & they are all going to Pawaa for a picnic lunch, and she invites us to ride out & lunch with them. After some telephoning Miss J. changes her horse, Joe comes up on his & we start off. We ride through the hospital grounds on the way which are very beautiful & then canter on to Pawaa. Mrs. Judd has not arrived & the gate is locked, so we ride on to Mrs. McCully's. She is not at home, but Miss Judd goes in for a glass of water. A little Norwegian boy opens the gate for us & brings her the water. We see two or three little flaxen haired girls about the house. They do not keep any chinamen. By the time we get back the gate is open & two children are waiting to let us in. Soon Mr. Judd comes on horseback & Mr. Furneaux arrives. The horses are unsaddled & unharnessed & set free, & they roll & eat grass to their hearts' content, enjoying the beautiful day & the freedom as much as their masters. The lunch is spread on a tablecloth under the shade of the trees & all sit down & do credit to lots of good things. A chinaman comes with a present of fresh bananas & several long pieces of sugar cane. Mr. Furneaux takes a photograph of the group afterwards & then goes with Mr. Judd & Joe to take a picture of Diamond Head. Our friend the chinaman comes back bringing a Chinese woman & two children. He meets Agnes & me on our way to the trough for some water & he takes our pail for us. He is very anxious

that this poor family should live in a little house of Mr. Judd's & take care of his land for rent. Mr. Judd finally consents, then he brings the father of the family & acts as interpreter while the bargain is being made. Mr. Judd engages him to climb a cocoa-nut tree & gather some nuts for us. By the time we reach the trees he has gathered ever so many, but we want to see him climb, so he goes up another, clinging with his feet as much as with his hands in a most curious monkey fashion. Then he throws down great cocoa-nuts right among the horses, who start when each falls, but keep coming nearer to see what each one is, so that we think their heads will be broken. Mr. Judd & the children shout "Pau! Pau" without effect for sometime. When he understands he comes down just as he went up. The nuts are broken, he brings two clean little bowls & we drink the milk & eat the meat until it is time to go home. A chinese goose & five little goslings or as Agnes calls them "the drake & all the little drakelings" are walking about with their beaks in the air. The cloud shadows chase each other over the mts. & over us. Mr. Judd shows us a fruit that smells when ripe like rancid oil & the natives use it for their hair & skin as soap. Also a yellow fruit shaped somewhat like a mango called Papiia. It has no stone like the mango, but dark seeds, which look very pretty when it is cut open. We do not care for it, but the children like it very much.

At last it is time to go home. The horses are caught & saddled, but when Mrs. Judd's carriage is all harnessed but the reins, they cannot be found anywhere, and at last Mr. Judd has to tie on a piece of rope instead. We have a delightful ride back to town & dine at Mr. Judd's - a pleasant ending to a very pleasant day. The children frolic with Joe & show us their rooms. In Albert's are the calabashes which Father uses when he gives a "luwao" or native feast. Mrs. Judd went to school with Mrs. Chas. P. Bowditch & asked about her & her children.

We go home with Miss Judd & find Charlie dressed in Agnes' riding habit, with curls & a shade hat, white stockings & low shoes & white kid gloves, prepared to go on the riding party with Ned Jones as a young lady. We watch his mounting which is great fun. He wears one spur. May came down to dinner for the first time today & thinks she will be well enough to go to Maui on Tuesday.

When we come home we find that Mr. & Mrs. Lewers have been to see us. Mr & Mrs. Dillingham came just before we went to Mrs. Judd's to dinner.

Sunday, Jan. 8. Have a little call from Will in the morning who says May is better & came down to breakfast. We go to church with Mrs. Jones & hear an orthodox sermon. We walk home with Mrs. Park & Mrs. Severance & go in for a few minutes to the Chinese Church, where they are singing their last hymn & we hear the benediction. The minister was a Chinaman & looked very dignified & reverend. The church was filled with Chinese, men, women, & children. The chinese here look like a better class than those in San Francisco. They seem

happier & more kindly.

Mr. Judd sends some beautiful Marshal Niel roses to me at lunch. After lunch we write - Joe, letters & I this journal, which has been sadly behind hand for a long time.

Mr. Austin Whiting & Mr. Stearns come to tea. Afterward J. & I go up to Mrs. Carter's, where they sing hymns, Mr. Carter's favorite "Sun of my soul" & others. After we come home Mrs. Jones tells me of her two journeys east, when she went without Mr. Jones & how the first time she had only his father before & he had three brothers & four sisters & how when he came on he did not know them nor they he. Joshua gave me a red lily - "It is a pretty lily. Will you have it?"

Monday, Jan. 9 Miss Judd (Julie) invites us through the telephone to ride to the Pale with them this afternoon. They will call for us at quarter before three. Joe & I drive down town with May & Will. They are going to try to change the Chinese cook they had engaged, for he turns out to be a different man from the one they enquired about, & does not understand cooking, while they have since heard of another better one. Joe goes with me to Mrs. Dominis', where I have a very pleasant call & show her my photograph book. She knew Mr. R. B. Forbes in China. A fountain was playing in her garden & everything looked so fresh & cool & pleasant & pretty. She asked to be remembered to Mr. Brewer and all at home.

Then to Mrs. Dole's. The dog was lying about by the dining room door, & doors and windows were open, but all was very still. The dog waked up to wag his tail & look at me, but it was too warm & he too sleepy to give a more demonstrative greeting. I had met Mr. Dole & a little boy driving towards the town before I came to the gate & I thought for a moment the house was deserted. When I knocked however a faint voice said "Come!" & I went into the inner room where Mrs. Dole was lying in bed with a severe head-ache. She welcomed me very kindly & we had a pleasant talk, but she did not feel able to see the photographs so I left the book. Her little native girl came in from school. She was very pretty & looked so fresh & cool in a light linen dress & wide straw hat.

Joe came home to do some writing as, several steamers having arrived from the other islands, everybody down town was very busy. Joe's second trip down town was more satisfactory as he had a good business talk with Mr. Waterhouse. Little Alice ran away to Mrs. Hall's & frightened us all terribly.

At about 3 o'clock Miss Judd with Miss Severance, Miss Kirk, M. Koechlin, two Mr. Kingesleys(?) & another Englishman called for us on horse back. We call at Mrs. Carter's but no one there is going, then on up the valley road, through a train of mules, with the beautiful mts. wooded to the tops on either side as we ascend the valley. Clouds are in front of us & rainbows & as we go on we meet them and it rains & quite hard. Mr. Kingesley lends me his "mackintosh" which

keeps me quite dry. The houses grow fewer & the mts. nearer towards the top. At last we come upon the view, most suddenly & unexpectedly as we turn a corner, a view of the plains below & away to the sea. The path that leads down the other side is very steep & paved. We only go to the top & look down. Joe gathered this fern there. It is said a great battle was fought here in old times.

[Pressed fern]

On the way home we have a view of the sea on the other side & of the town & later of the sunset. We see a pretty picture of a little house & a banana plantation. Also of some old ruins said to have been a palace once. Now it is all covered with grass ferns & vines & looked so wild & lonely & deserted standing alone with the mts. behind it. Joe takes me in to John's old home & we see the falls behind of the stream where Charles used to fish. It is a beautiful place with views of the mts. behind & of the sea down the valley as well. It is said that the Pali is six miles from the town -from here- but it does not seem possible to us. The sun was setting as we came down the hill from Mrs. Carter's. We saw it dipping into the sea & Mr. Koechlin said "The sun will now take his bath." The sky is beautiful & we watch it after we come home.

Mrs. Jones had a nice dinner saved for us & then we talk with her & play with Alice until Mrs. J. starts for church. Then we read a chapter in Henry Esmond, then start for Mrs. Carter's, but only saw George. Later May & Will come here as they were out making calls. The lanterns on the carriage went out & Will had to chase up a Chinaman to find a lantern & keep the law. Joe has a mosquito hunt under the netting. I write this with 10 on one hand at once & that my right hand.

Tuesday, Jan. 10 Spend the morning at Mrs. Carter's with May. Mrs. Judd & Mary Carter come to call upon her, also the younger Miss Judd. Capt. & Mrs. Klepenstone & their daughter lunch at Mr. Jones. They are on their way to the Arctic Ocean for whales. Mrs. K. has sailed with her husband on twelve voyages before this one, & 11 have been to the Arctic. He says that she could take a ship anywhere & she does sometimes help in navigating. Miss K. is about twelve years old and has spent most of her life at sea. They know Capt. Colson & think they may meet him this winter. Mrs. Carter comes in with a beautiful great bouquet of flowers and Mrs. Jones gives her a large pile of books & pamphlets, all the back numbers they have of the St. Nicholas for the little girl & many more. She has a nice box of paints & amuses herself with them.

After lunch Mr. Jones starts off for (blank) where he is going with Mr. Allen. Capt. Klepenstone hears by telephone that his vessel is four miles off Diamond Head. There is no wind to sail out & they must pull 8 or 10 miles to get to the ship. Finally, as it rains they have to wait over. It is too bad for the Captain wanted very much to get off today & his wife & daughter are not prepared to stay

on shore. Mr. Jones & Mr. Allen start for Kauai. May & Will start by the Likiliki. They are delayed three quarters of an hour because Mr. Porter was lunching with the king. I went prepared to fill vacancies in case the chinamen did not fulfill their engagement. But one was safely stowed in the ship, & one was going by the next steamer. Mr. & Mrs. Gale & Father Damon are on board. After tea we call upon Mrs. Lewers, Mr. & Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. & Mrs. Adams.

At Mr. W. we could not rouse anyone though we walked all round the house. A passenger from the steamer was there calling when we went to Mrs. Adams. On our way home we stopped at Mr. Jos. Carter's. Mrs. Adams gave us the aesthetic definition of love: "The memory of kisses that never were kissed, & of songs that never were sung."

Wednesday, Jan. 11. Alice & I drive to school with Ada & two other children who always ride out with her. The school is near Col. Judd's with large grounds about it, & shade trees. It looks very cool & pleasant. Two 'busses drive out full of children besides "Tumi's" carriage.

After lunch we plan to go out to call upon Mrs. Judd on horseback & the horses are brought up from the stable, but I am delayed brushing the Pali mud off my habit & then it rains, so we give it up. We receive calls from Cordie Carter & Agnes & Albert Judd. Agnes brings her doll & flowers for me. Albert gives his to Joe. Have spent the day writing & sewing. The thermometer stood this a.m. before breakfast at 75°. It has ranged from 70° to 75° every a.m. this week.

Thursday, Jan 12. The wind blew & the rain fell all night & this morning the thermometer stood at 66°. We ride out to the park at Weikiki to see the surf, which is beautiful. We gather seeds of a vine running on the beach; also of the trees with light feathery foliage that grow there, and a pretty little yellow flower which has not yet gone to seed.

[Pressed flower]

We have a fast ride home as it is late & arrive just before the rain. Mary Carter came in the morning to bring two beautiful great roses, pink & yellow.

We go at five o'clock to dine at Mrs. Park's. Miss Severance is there & Mr. Hatch comes to dinner. It is very pleasant & homelike. Miss Annie shows me some photographs. She is very attractive & I like her better every time I see her. We meant to call at Mrs. Judd's & Mr. Dillingham's, but give it up because of the rain, & come home in a pour. Sit with Mrs. Jones a little while, then come out of our cottage & write & talk etc.

Friday, Jan 13. Thermometer 73° this a.m. Mrs. Carter sends us some tickets for a concert tomorrow evening. We receive through the mail a p.p.c. from May & Will. I paint all the morning on my ginger flower & leaves. Charlotte Hall & Edith Cousanne lunch with us & then come over to the cottage to play.

Joe brings up the horses when he comes to lunch & soon

after we start for punch-bowl. The sun is out & in as the clouds pass over it, but the mts. up the valley look clear & so do the Waia (blank) mts. The last part of the way is pretty steep & slippery but the horses work well & we get up safely. Joe gathers a very pretty little yellow flower on the way up & inside a beautiful piece of butterfly weed like the Naushou milkweed. Also some pretty blue flowers that grow like cactus flowers out of the side of a long stalk. I hope one of them has some seeds. We canter round the crater inside on the soft turf & stop to look at Diamond Head. This is the best view we have had of it. I sketch the outline. Then on to the old fort & flag-staff, where a mule is tied outside & a dog inside a little house. We hear him bark after a while when his master comes home. There I finish my sketch & we watch the colors in the water, a little schooner starting out to sea -two or three others farther off & the lights & shadows on the mts., which are very beautiful. Joe lies on the grass & we both hate to come away at last. The coming down is worse than going up, but safely accomplished.

[Pressed plant]

[In margin]: Gathered in the crater

This morning Mrs. Jones took us up onto the portico & then into her room to see the view. The mts. up the valley were wonderfully clear & beautiful & so was the view towards the west.

Little Alice drove up with us to Judge Hartwell's where we dined & had such a pleasant visit & saw all the children. Mabel the eldest is just one month younger than Charlie Brewer. The others are Edith, Madeleine, Nathalie, Juliette & Charles - all very responsive children & they give us a warm welcome. On our way home we call at Mr. Glade's but Mrs. Glade had gone to bed & Mr. Glade was at a musical. At Mrs. Henry Carter's we could not find anyone, so left a card. Soon after we came back to our cottage Mrs. H. Carter called to see us on her way home from church. Miss King & Mr. White come to see Mrs. J. Mrs.O.E.Hall called to see us today.

Saturday, Jan. 14 Beautiful light on W mts. at sunrise & a clear blue sky. Thermometer 77° but a fresh cool air. This is Mrs. Judd's birthday & we were invited to go Pawaa, but it has been so rainy & the ground is so wet that the picnic had to be given up. Miss Judd comes down with Joshua soon after breakfast to carry some flowers to Mrs. Judd & asks us to go over to see the presents - two paintings from Mr. Judd, & two Chinese plates from Mr. Furneaux. Mrs. Judd was banished up stairs & told not to come down until called, while the pictures were being hung. They are both very pretty especially one where a woman is giving alms at an open door to a little girl by some German artist. The coloring is all so soft & quiet. The other had hens in the foreground & figures behind. Mr. Jones came home this a.m. having had to change steamers at sea from "James Magee" to the "Bishop."



All the morning I wrote. Miss Judd stopped for a few minutes on her way home. Ada had her ears pierced today & the man made a mistake & one hole is much higher than the others, so it must be left to grow up & then pierced again. In the afternoon the Misses Burbank call upon us & we drive out to call upon Mrs. Col. Judd & see her & her daughter Miss H. On the way home Joe gathers me some white thistle seeds & a flower.

In the evening we go to an amateur concert in the music hall at Mrs. Carter's invitation. Mrs. Frank Judd both played & sang & it seemed to me out shon everyone else. She looked so dignified & sweet at the same time & carried herself so well. When she first came on Agnes heaved a sigh of perfect satisfaction & said with great pride: "Doesn't Aunt Agnes look nice?" and we all felt proud of her. Miss Castle also played & very brilliantly & a Mr. Castle recited with great feeling & expression, but did not speak quite slowly or distinctly enough when excited. The hall was well filled. We saw the "Captain" our steamer friend.

Sunday Jan. 15. We hear early that the "D.C.Murray" is coming in from San Francisco & hope for letters. Go to the native church at Kawaiahao, when the natives for their contribution brought the stones. The steps of coral rock have grass growing between the stones. We see some fine looking old natives. The singing is very good & Mr. Parker the minister speaks very distinctly. Mrs. Bishop & her little dog sit in the royal pew opposite us. After church on our way to the P.O. meet Charlie Carter who gives us our mail. Letters from Mother & Annie & May with a wedding card from Effie for me, & from Mr. Brewer, Ned & Will for Joe. May says they had a very rough passage & did not get home until 3 p.m. the next day, when she had a sick headache. The next day however she was better & very busy getting the house in order. The new cook works well so far. All well at home. The letters were so good to have! Write in the afternoon. Mr. Whiting comes to tea but Mr. Stearns is used up by a long walk. Mr. & Mrs. Jones go to the funeral of a young man who came down on the steamer with us. He went to Kauai where his sister is governess in Mr. Spaulding's family, but he is so ill she came up with Mr. Jones to put him in the hospital here. He died yesterday afternoon. His sister went to Mrs. Damon's & he was buried from the "Episcopal Church." Everyone has done all they could. Mrs. Jones carried some beautiful white roses. It is so sad for the poor little girl who is here all alone, but she felt he could not get well & he suffered so much, death was a relief. In the evening we call at Mrs. Carter's but see only Miss Judd & the boys.

Monday, Jan. 16. Mrs. Jones, Alice & I walk up to Mrs. Carter's to carry a letter from Mr. C. wh. had come enclosed in business letters to the firm. Find Mrs. C. better but not well yet. Hear a false alarm that the steamer has arrived & hurry home to write. Joe brings up the horses & we have



a short ride before lunch towards Tilihi & after lunch ride up the valley & call upon Mrs. Paty. Then Joe goes down town for the mail & brings letters from his Father, Fannie Kendall & Ned besides newspapers. This mail came by the "Forest Queen." After dinner we call with Mr. & Mrs. Jones, upon Mrs. Dixon & Mrs. Makee & then go to the hotel to hear the band & Mrs. Jones wants to call upon Mrs. Napp, a cousin of Capt. Newell who came in the steamer from Australia. Sir Henry Park (s?) who is the chief man at the colonies is among the passengers. He is on his way to Washington to make a treaty by which the U.S. may admit Australian wool free of duty & Australia in return to admit American productions & allow American shipping a subsidy of 1000 a year. Mr. Furneaux calls to bid us goodbye before going to Hilo tomorrow.

Tuesday, Jan 17. Spend the morning quietly at home as it is showery & finish my mending. After lunch Mrs. F. Judd calls for Mrs. Jones & me & we go to call upon Ruth, the highest chiefess now living. She looks down upon the King & his family. She is building a new house which is very elaborate & on the 9th Feb. which is her birthday, she opens it & gives a festival that will last three days. We meet Miss Judd & Mrs. Beard near the gate & drive into the yard. She is living in a cottage now. She had appointed this time to receive us & the first man who came to take our horse said nothing about her not being at home, but after waiting some minutes under a large tree another boy came to say she was not at home. She is very independent & the ladies thought she probably was at home but was asleep or did not feel like seeing us. Mrs. Judd drives to the Public Building for Judge J. & we drive out to Pawaa. The Chinese family have been industriously pulling lumber near by to build a hen house & looks very beaming when Mr. J. says she can have both lumber & "chicken house."

After dinner we go to call at Mrs. Park's & see Mrs. Severance & Mr. & Mrs. Park. The young people are all away. The thermometer this morning was 55°. Mr. Jones says that is the lowest he has ever known it to fall in Honolulu. The 'busses that pass every hour with tooting horns are the great excitement now. They go up the valley as far as Mr. Paty's. Ada, Zaidee & Oliver rode up the valley & back just for the fun. Mr. Jos. Carter has bored Ada's ear over again & she scarcely felt it.

Wednesday, Jan. 18th. Mrs. Jones, Joe & I go down town after breakfast to look at the Chinese stores. See a man making Chinese medicine, cutting slivers all just the same shape & size by holding a plane between his knees & rubbing a piece of root fastened into a board back & forth over it very fast. These slivers fell down & later he gathered them together, blew away all dust & laid them carefully one over the other in a piece of paper.

[Sample of sliver attached.]

He had very pretty china jars on his shelves. I buy a white silk, such as the Chinese hang round their beds, with mottoes

or sacred sayings on them which they must learn. They also have pretty flowers & birds painted on them. I also buy 2 red cotton hdkfs. The silk is for E.I.B.

After lunch ride up Manoa Valley, over a stony or swampy road the last part of the way, but with beautiful views of the mts. with their curious irregular ridges and deep shadows. On the left where there is only grass & black lava rocks and farther up the valley the trees grow up to the sumits. We past native houses that look very small but picturesque. A herd (?) of pigs rooting & sunning themselves in the fresh open air; horses & cattle pasturing on either side. At the last we are almost surrounded by the mts. Coming back we see a native cooking his supper by a little stove out of doors, while his yellow cat opposite keeps him company and looks on expectantly & sympathetically. Views of the sea beyond the cocoanut trees, with a little church and rice & [illegible] claimed in the foreground. By & bye we see Diamond Head, a glimpse at first thro' the other hills, then with the palms against the sea and a sunny green hillside with horses & cattle grazing in the foreground.

[Pressed plant in margin]

Joe gathers a piece of manonea grass in memory of this view. We also find a yellow flower & fern in the valley & later on a piece of cactus, growing all over a stone wall, and a bit of the tree that grows at Pawaa & at the park and inside of punch bowl. After dinner Mrs. Austin and Mr. Hatch called. We read two chapters of Henry Esmond.

[Pressed leaves]

Thursday, Jan. 19. I paint all the morning at home. The "H.W.Almy" arrives from San Francisco with a mail. I have letters from Annie, enclosing one from Janet & from Eleanor. Later Joe brings another lot from Mother, Marian and Sarah, which I read on horseback for soon after lunch we start for the telegraph station, & go beyond it down towards the cocoa-nut palms and the sea, over an old lava flow for we see the black rocks & red everywhere about us, tho' now vines & plants grow over some of them & the prickly pear is the largest plant. We see thistles with their blue green leaves & white flowers. The views of Diamond Head & the mts. of the Manoa Valley & then suddenly the sea with the white surf breaking over the reef behind a long line of cocoa-nut palms, are all before us as we go out. Coming home we see Punch Bowl and the Waianai Mts. A most beautiful ride. After tea call upon Mr. & Mrs. E.O.Hall & meet Mrs. Severance there. Then to Judge Hartwell's where we have a very pleasant call, & to Mrs. Carter's, where we see Miss Judd & Aggie, and arrange to ride up Kihiki Valley on Saturday morning. Mrs. Bishop called & invited us to lunch on Saturday. In the afternoon Mrs. Makee & her two daughters & Miss Julie Judd & Miss Kirk called this p.m. while we were riding. Mrs. Jones has promised to get me some tamarinds to take home. Then I must pull them apart & lay them in layers of sugar in a glass dish & then put them one side for several days, then pour out the syrup, put in a little molasses if it is

liked & let it boil up, then just dip in the tamarinds just to soften them. With the molasses they make a preserve, otherwise they make a pleasant drink. I bring home a piece of the lava rock but no flowers today.

Friday, Jan. 20. I began a sketch of our cottage. "The Discovery" & the "W.H.Diamond" from San Francisco & the Adonis 169 days from Bremen arrived today. The first or second brought a mail, letters for me from Mary and Laura, with Grandfather's card from Nannie & Arthur Brewer. At a little before 11 Mrs. J. & I drive to Mrs. Allen's, from there to the Palace, where Mrs. Dominis received us very pleasantly & informally to see the royal feather capes and pall. The oldest cape of all is the richest & handsomest. The color is gorgeous. 2 other large capes have red & black feathers with the yellow & the short capes have the other colors, put in patterns. The weaving on the back which holds the thread of fine twine was made & twisted by hand from reeds. The yellow feathers grow under the wings but it is a mistake to suppose that there are only two feathers in one bird. There are two tufts of very fine feathers, for they are almost down. There were many curious things in this room besides - flowers made from a preparation of squash leaves and a musical instrument blown through the noses & with holes for the fingers. This belonged to an old god or hero like Orpheus & he could talk with this instrument & attract by his music. M. & Mme. Koechlin came with the French vice-consul, & all three with Mrs. Bishop. Mrs. McGrew brought a Miss Scott & Mr. Greenwood. When Mrs. Jones bid Mrs. Dominis good bye, she told her Joe wanted to call on the King but did not know just how to arrange now Col. Judd is away. She said she would speak to him about it & ask him to set a day. When Joe came home to lunch, he brought an invitation for tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock.

Afternoon put buttons & button holes on my white dress. Meet Mrs. Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Bishop, Mr. & Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Severance, young Mr. Bishop at dinner at six at Mrs. Allen's. Mr. Armstrong was also there. He is the King's minister of the Interior and Attorney General. Mr. Allen is collector of the port. Mr. Armstrong tells so many funny stories, one about a Mrs. Miller who wore plumes in her bonnet at church. Little bare footed boys looked on with great admiration, for their mother's bringing up a family of 10 on \$600.00 a year could not afford to buy such things. He has seen many of the most beautiful women in the world since then, but never admired any quite as much as he did Mrs. Miller & her plumes. After dinner, I have a very pleasant talk with Mrs. Severance & Mrs. Allen about the late lava flow & the Germans who came to live & work at the tannery. Mrs. Allen showed us a beautiful edition of Owen Meredith's "Lucile." A very pleasant dinner party & evening. Mr. & Mrs. A. show us the curious shells with a hinge & some old satsuma ware.

Sat. Jan. 21 Thermometer 72° after breakfast. A stormy

day. It rains in torrents, & then the sun shines. The sun never seems far away here, and between the hardest rains we see glimpses of blue sky. Start at quarter before 11 for the palace. Send in our card and are admitted. At the steps of the same cottage we went to yesterday, Mr. Whitney received us. He is Lord Chamberlain while Col. Judd is away. We wait 5 or 10 minutes & the King comes in. He speaks English without any accent that I can detect, & very well & easily. He is a much finer looking man than his pictures would suggest, and much more royal & dignified than I had imagined. His white pique clothes looked fresh & cool & were very becoming. As we were coming away, he asked Joe if he had an hour to spare tomorrow if he would come to see him between 10 & 11, as he had some business he wanted him to attend to. The Queen was [blank] he said or at the beach so we did not see her. We then called upon Mrs. Gilman, a friend of Mrs. Cary of Forest Hill St., J.P. & enjoyed our visit very much. She suggested our carrying home seeds of the Royal Palm & said they would grow for several years in the house. At Mr. Dillingham's we found no one at home, but we saw both Miss Julie Judd & Miss Kirk where we went next. Then back to town to Mrs. Bishop's where we had a very pleasant lunch with the same party who dined together last evening. Poor Joe was not feeling well & so could not enjoy it. Mrs. Bishop showed us some ferns. While we were at lunch it poured & windows had to be closed, but through the open door we could see a pretty view of ferns & a beautiful Bourganvillia beyond climbing over the wall. As we drive home up the valley road there is almost a river on each side & the stream is roaring, so that Mrs. J. & I put on our old clothes and hurry down to the bridge to see the falls & then up to the upper bridge to see the rush of water there. Mud is almost ankle deep & the grass very slippery but we feel well repaid. Joe does not feel able to go to the play so we stay quietly at home & read Emerson's essays on "Resources" & on "Inspiration" by candle light. I grow superstitious about my little candlestick holder & shade. I have had so many pleasant cosy evenings with them that I begin to feel now they insure the pleasure & the cosiness. Perhaps the explanation is in the association they always have with Sarah. These little leaves were gathered on the road from the bridge coming home.

[pressed fern]

This evening there has been a thunder-storm, quite an unusual thing for Honolulu.

Sunday, Jan. 22. Joe goes to the Palace & receives a commission from the King to make enquiries about a certain kind of rifle. The rest of the day we spend quietly in the cottage as he does not feel very well. We read & write. I make a little call upon Mrs. Frank Judd. Capt. Marsten of the Lady Lamson takes tea at Mr. Jones. We hear that a little child was drowned yesterday in the freshet on the other side of the street. The bank caved in or was washed away by the water & carried the child with it. The body

was found away down the stream and the poor mother coming home with her fish from the market saw the crowd & recognised her own child.

Monday, Jan. 23. Sketch in the morning. Miss Judd comes to call. After dinner pack & go to see the steamer come in. Very few passengers. Mr. & Mrs. Wight (Miss Laura Wilder) arrive, but they had landed in a boat before we arrived at the wharf. Call upon Mrs. Judd, who is not at home, & upon Mrs. Dole, who is painting the orange bigonia. Meet Mrs. Adams on the way home & she invited us to go to a reading club at Mrs. Parkes. Find the cards of Miss Annie & Miss Bernice Parkes when I get home, also so many delightful letters from home, from Edith, from the Cases and from Aunt Jennie. Spend a pleasant evening at Mrs. Parke's. Meet Gen. Comley & his daughter, Mr. Harris, Judge & Mrs. McCully, Mr. & Mrs. Dillingham, Mrs. Kinney.

Tuesday, Jan. 24. Sketch & pack. Mrs. Jos. Carter and Mrs. Judd & all the children come to bid us goodbye. Mr. Jones & Ned come up to lunch. I walk up to say "goodbye" to Mrs. Carter while Joe goes down with the luggage to send it by the "Kiloueaho" (?) We follow at 4 o'clock in the Likiliki. Mr. Hart & his family, a native wife with a sweet face & three pretty little girls, with Miss Carter and Miss (blank) his niece, a very young pretty girl whom I saw at the concert, are our neighbours all night. We have mattresses on deck. It is not rough but the smells are horrid! and we are both very sick.

Wednesday, Jan. 25. We arrive at Maalaea Bay early in the morning about (blank) o'clock. Haleakala (10,000) feet high is very clear & the first light of dawn is coming behind it. We land in boats and are received at the wharf by a native who calls Joe by name. We get into his wagon and drive to Wailuku through the dawn and sunrise, which are very beautiful. We see the light first on the clouds & highest mountain peaks. Then while the sun himself is still hidden behind the old crater, he sends his rays out on one side like a golden mist over the country. At last we see him over the mountain, and by the time we reach the town he is high & warm. We stop at a mill on the way for an engineer to leave his instruments, & see the workmen spreading the old husks to dry, & using the dry ones for kindling. Mr. Parker Makee & his dog Dixie & the engineer are our traveling companions. At the town I sit on a stone while Joe tries to telephone to Will, but it is no use. "No one is up" says the man. So we go in to breakfast. The chinaman said when we asked for milk "Milk for coffee, but no muchee milk." A Kanaka comes to the door with fresh strawberries which look delicious. Everyone buys some and they help out our breakfast very well indeed. Then to the telephone again, but no use. "They are all at breakfast" says the man. We ask about the train & are told we had better go at once, so hurry out & just catch the mail wagon. The man goes back

for our bags & then drives us to the train, where we wait nearly an hour. The train consists of an engine, an open car in front with two rows of seats arranged like an omnibus in front and open baggage cars behind, where the chinamen & natives ride on top of the load. Three native women, a little boy & several chinamen with five or six white people make up our car. At Kahului we stop for an hour & sit on a shaded veranda with the sea & surf in sight. On again with a gentle little lady and her baby, who are going "just for the ride." At Spreckles' mill we leave several people & cars, then on once more to Paia, where they tell us Mr. Brewer had been down that morning with a wagon. Joe saw a chinaman with a wagon & two horses & beckoned to him from the train. He says he is going to Makawao & will carry us. We climb all the way & have a beautiful views of the sea and mts. behind us. Pass Miss Hoffman's house & pretty garden & Joe calls out to a white man, at work about the barns, to ask if Mrs. Brewer went with Mr. Brewer? He says "No" so we keep on & are carried by our friendly chinaman directly to the house, where May comes out to meet us at about 1:30 p.m. The chinaman refuses any pay, says he knew one John Brewer and Capt. Brewer & Miss Brewer. He used to work for Mr. Brewer's partner & he go China bring 100 men." May gives us a delicious lunch and after a long nap we feel quite rested. Will comes home to dinner with a long list of adventures. He started in the morning for a calf, which was to be sent up on the railroad, but he did not find it & so had to go all the way to Wailuku, where he heard of our arrival & tried to telephone, but in vain. "They are all at dinner" was the reason. He started with the calf slung under his sulky by an arrangement he had planned before starting. It worked to perfection & after a while he heard that we had driven on with a Chinaman, whom he remembered meeting that morning. It seems it is a very unusual thing for anyone to drive down & we were very fortunate. Will drove on very well for sometime when suddenly his wheel broke down from some flaw in the iron, and there were left - Will tied his feet together & then ropes from fore feet to back, & asked the boy if he could carry him on the horse in front of him. The boy said "Yes" & they lifted up the calf & slung the rope around the boy's neck & so on home. In the evening we read our home letters to May & Will. May plays and we go to bed early.

Thursday, Jan. 26th. Walk down to gulch with Joe & find some beautiful ferns, & valuable seeds. After lunch visit the calf, who looks very well after his journey, and see the vegetable garden. Afternoon write.  
[pressed ferns]

Friday, Jan. 27. Joe & I walk up the Gulch & then turn up a side gulch over the bed of a brook past beautiful ferns until we come suddenly upon a grove of bananas. The most tropical sight we have seen. Two hours are gone before we know & we hurry home to lunch. Miss Hoffman & Mr. Gottschalk

have called upon us. Mrs. Smith & Miss Healy from the Seminary we find here, and later in the afternoon Miss Alexander & Miss Rausch come. After lunch we ride down as far as Miss Hoffman's & see her & her brother. Miss H. takes us out into her gardens, shows us a century plant with an old flower stalk now gone to seed about 30 feet high. The old fashioned house and garden are very attractive & so is their mistress. It is a perfect day & we enjoy most of it out doors. In the evening "Dig" comes in to see us, & May plays.

Saturday, Jan. 28. It rains so we give up the ride to the mill. May & I begin "Kith & Kin" & like it very much. Afternoon I paint some coffee leaves & berries we gathered yesterday. Evening Joe reads "Uncle Remus." Will rode down the mountain in afternoon & heard of some trouble with Portuguese laborers, who refused to work. The sheriff tried to arrest them, they rushed at him with knives, cane & sticks. He first pointed his pistol at them, then fired over their heads & finally was obliged to fire at them, wounding two of the men, one in his leg, another they think is dying. The laws here are made to favor the workmen as much as possible. The first time one is arrested he can only be fined \$3.00 the next time only \$5.00, the third only \$10.00. The first time he cannot be imprisoned and he can appeal to two higher courts here & then to the highest at Honolulu. Men are "shipped" for a year or two and the planter is responsible for lodging, suitable food & medical attendance & pays down quite a sum of money to begin with. A man can only ship himself after a certain age, before that his father, mother, guardian or the Governor of the Island, if he has none of these relations, must sign the contract. If the master does not keep his part of the bargain, if the man can prove it, he is free. Once in bad weather a master could not get poi for his men & was obliged to give them rice instead. One complained and gained his suit on the pleas of "unsuitable food." Will had one man who worked one day, then was taken sick. W. had paid for his passage out here, had given him his money on engaging him, was obliged to pay his expenses at the hospital & finally his passage home, over \$200.00 for one day's work. He says he thinks that these Portuguese, when their shipment is over will probably stay & work a little land for themselves for they are better off here than at home. Wages are very high.

Sunday, Jan. 29. Will, Joe & I walk down in the gulch as far as the banana grove & bring home some ferns, banana blossoms, coffee, etc. It rains as we start, but clears before we come back, tho' very wet & muddy. The banana grove is even more fascinating than before & we find several new ferns, one climbing plant with very pretty & delicate tracery on the leaves. We gather the roots & try to carry it home alive.

[Pressed leaves]

At the house we find Mr. Morrison & very soon after we get



back, it begins to rain. Afternoon, make salad. Evening, Mr. Hoffmann and Mr. Von Graevemeyer come up to taste the Welch rabbit, but as it is so stormy, Miss H. & Mr. Gottschalk do not come. The rabbit is a great success. After the others have gone, May & Will give us some music. Mr. Morrison stays all night.

Monday, Jan. 30. Joe & I ride up to Olinda. Beautiful views of Pihiolo, the sea & West Maui as we climb, & glimpses down into the gulch with its walls of fern. At the house we meet a wild bull. Joe fastens the horses & then drives him away & we hear him bellowing for some time. Find a fine bullock's horn near the house. Gather some fuchsias & roses and sit in the sun to get warm & start for home, going round the hill to escape "Brer Bull" & come upon the mate of our horn. We ride into a cloud before long & at last it rains so hard that we have to unroll the wraps so carefully tied into Joe's saddle at starting to May's amusement. The horn tumbles off too several times. Gather yellow & red flowers, also koa in blossom. We pass splendid old koas, plovers go whistling over & by us in large flocks & then light in the grass near by and we see some descendants of Capt. Brewer's pigeons. Coming home we ride thro' a heard of horses.

[Pressed ferns]

Afternoon May & I read "Kith & Kin." Joe begins to polish his horn with a piece of glass & it promises to be very handsome.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. May & I read & Joe cleans Will's gun. After lunch we watch a native boy breaking a colt. He blinds him first, then puts on a bridle without any bit, ties a double rope round his body, mounts & tucks his knees under the rope. Another native, on another horse, leads the colt by a rope. The bandage is take off his eyes & he bucks & jumps, starts & stops & is finally led off. The second boy has to be constantly on the alert, to throw the rope on one side & the other as the colt whirls & turns. Once or twice he is almost pulled off his saddle, but he has chased bullocks & knows his work. Two or three times the boy dismounts & they examine the colt to be sure that the rope does not gall him & he, poor fellow, stands panting half with fright & half from his exertions. At last he follows quite well & only bucked badly at first.

May & I try cider jelly, which so far has not hardened. Joe goes shopping for us & we make an apron out of too little cloth by dint of much patching. Mr. & Mrs. Saml Alexander call.

Wednesday, Feb. 1. The jelly seems harder. Miss Hoffman arrives first with Mr. Gottschalk. They had been saying this was strictly a ladies' party & he will hardly stop to shake hands. Then comes Mrs. & Miss Rausch and soon after Mrs. Baldwin & Miss Alexander. The latter tells me that our plant is a fern, "Polypodium Spectrum" is its botanical name & it is only found in the Sandwich Islands. May's lunch



is very successful & we one & all have a very good time. Mrs. Rausch's face when May offered her claret was a study. All go before Miss Hoffman & we have a cosy little chat together. Miss H. is delightful. At last poor Mr. Gottschalk arrives in a pouring rain, wet as he can be. May gives him one of Will's dry coats & when the shower is over they start for home. Miss H. has invited us to go there on Friday. I hope it will be pleasant. Will & Joe have been off towards Olinda. Will found the bull & thot he was one of his own who had wandered off. He tried to drive him down, cornered him, & the bull ran for him, but fortunately turned before he reached him. Joe brought home 7 plover & 1 pigeon. This is voting day & the natives are said to be out in festive array.

Thursday, Feb 2. Joe cleans his guns & we read in the morning. After lunch he shoots 2 pigeons in front of the house & missed the third as he flew over him, because he pulled the wrong trigger. May & I walk to the old house & see the cottage that is to be moved up here; also five calves, one funny curly one. The view over the beach & surf to West Maui & Molokai is very clear & beautiful, seen through the large orange trees. May tells how she & Will & Mr. Morrison spent one Sunday morning under their shade eating oranges. There are large fig trees near by & just in front of the old house the most beautiful rose we ever saw. It has been neglected until it has grown into a great tangle of glossy leaves, new red shoots & glorious roses & buds "ad infinitum." Buds in every stage, the roses are yellow, or rather decidedly tinged with pure yellow when they first open. The buds & older roses are pure white. This must be 20 feet in diameter. We cannot possible reach the centre. May motions with her fingers to a bright little native boy & he brings some scissors from the house. She cuts more than a handful & in looking back we cannot miss one. Joe has a tussle with the mule.

Friday, Feb 3. We dine at Miss Hoffmann's & spend a very pleasant day with her. Joe drives May & me down with "Major." May carries some fresh roses from the same plant where we gathered ours yesterday for Miss H. The house is decorated with flowers & she has such a pretty table-cloth & tidies worked in soft colored crewels on white linen. She says they came from Germany. At dinner they talk about the war. Mr. H. said the Emperor William would have liked to stop the war, but Bismark & Molke showed him that it would be of no use. he must settle it finally at once. A German regiment in peace has four, in war, six thousand men, etc. Also about the old king of Bavaria, who is said to be crazy. He is building a magnificent palace near the water. He keeps away from the people, even his ministers cannot see him when he is in retirement at a certain palace. Wagner is his friend & a new opera is performed before him, he & Wagner the only audience. He was engaged to his cousin when he was a young man, but for some reason never married her. She

afterwards married some Spaniard & he is a batchelor. He was very handsome, & considered himself the handsomest man in Europe.

The dinner was delicious. First soup, then salmon salad, then roast chicken stuffed with nuts, & vegetables, peach pie, cherries with whipped cream on top & last coffee. After dinner Miss Hoffmann takes us all about the garden, shows us her vegetables, which look so thrifty & fresh & green, without a weed. Also the pig pen, all the 3 cottages where Mr. Hoffmann, Mr. von Graevemeyer & her German girl sleep, the diary & pantry & kitchen & up stairs in the "old Boston house" to see the view from the upper veranda, which is beautiful. Miss Hoffmann played beautifully for us & May played a duet with her. Then she drives down with us to "Norton's store" & back. We find the house locked when we come home & the Chinaman says Will has the key. We passed him on the way up, trying the colt again, this time with a saddle. His partner is sick & he is so busy in consequence that he could not come to dinner. In the evening May plays & reads us bits of Mr. Pickwick, where he finds himself in a middle aged lady's chamber.

Saturday, Feb 4. Morning, read & finish our story. Afternoon May makes a cocoa-nut cake & I a salad in preparation for the evening when Miss Rausch & Mr. Whiting, Miss Alexander & Mr. Pratt come for a Welch rabbit. The table looks very pretty with May's red cloth & napkins. The rabbit was a little stringy owing to poor cheese, but tasted good & everything else was delicious.

Sunday, Feb. 5. Paint in the morning, Miss Hoffmann & Mr. Gottschalk come to call. In afternoon Mr. Hoffmann & Mr. Parke. The latter has come up to examine into the Portugese riot for the government. They have extracted the ball from the neck of the man who was wounded in the head & now there is no doubt that he will recover. All help capture & bring in the mule, who gives in at once when he finds he is really mastered. He & Romeo are well fed with oats & grain in preparation for tomorrow's climb & then "May Folsom's" bridle is put on. It rains in the evening & when we go to bed we are not sure whether we shall have a good day or not.

Monday, Feb. 6. A little before three o'clock a.m. I hear May & Will talking, then the clock strikes & I get up & look out at the mountain, which is clear & cloudless in the moonlight. We get up & have a good comfortable breakfast. May puts up our lunch & we are ready to start a little before five. We wait a little for our guide & Will starts off to find him, but meets him very soon. He comes into the kitchen for a cup of coffee & we all start off a little before half past five. At first by the clear moonlight, with the Southern Cross just disappearing behind the hill on our right. Will called to me that it was in sight when he first went out & I saw it just over the Eucalyptus trees from where he stood in front of the house cleaning Romeo. We cannot tell surely

at first where the dawn will break, but slowly the light behind the mountain at the left grows more intense & the others as slowly fade. The stars one by one disappear, until the two planets that were so brilliant just over the Cross, when we started are the only ones to be seen, & they are faint & fade before long & the moon's light too grows dim. Our guide looks very picturesque in the uncertain light as he moves steadily on before us on sturdy old Kilauea, a native horse, gradually his red silk handkerchief & the red blanket under his saddle show their color. By & bye we can see the blue & magenta lei on his white hat & the blue & white stripes on his shirt. He carries our lunch bag on his arm & the leather trappings on his stirrups wave as he moves & his spurs jangle. At Olinda we stop to tighten the girths & the sun is just rising. The old mountain has been clear before us all the way looking asleep, as Joe said. Now we turn back & the sun's rays are just touching West Maui, casting blue shadows beyond it & the shadow of a high pillar of cloud at the right casts a shadow that just touches the summit, so that the red sky beyond looks like a volcano light coming from the mountain. Only the highest peaks can be seen, the base is covered with clouds. We travel still a good way higher before the sun reaches us, as the mountain shelters us.

Our guide gathers us some Ohea berries, which taste delicious & look almost too pretty to eat. We are glad to feel the sun at last for we had been almost frozen & had beaten our hands to warm them. At the cave we stop for a few minutes, then on to the top - a hard pull, steeper at the last. But the horses show good pluck & spirit though the rare air makes them pant. At last we come in sight of the top & we see a flock of goats run across the black sand that glistens in the sun light. Our guide & Kilauea are out of sight, the sturdy little horse has steamed ahead.

[Pressed plant]

At the top at last! We dismount & take off the white cotton masks which look so gastly but protected us so well from sunburning & breathe the pure air again. Joe leads me up to look into the crater & says: "Take care you do not fall in!" I laugh thinking this crater would be like Punch Bowl & Diamond Head. As I had heard that wild goats live in it, I expected a grassy bowl with gradually sloping sides. What a surprise it was & how suddenly it burst upon us. The black sides so deep & steep. The red & yellow & black lava & the great blow-holes or mounds of lava & ashes, the large trees so far below us that we could hardly see them, & then in contrast to this black furnace, the clear soft blue mountains beyond with their snowy peaks gleaming in the sun & surrounded by a jealous guard of clouds that allowed us one glorious view at first & then shut it gently from our sight, only giving us glimpses afterwards. Joe suggests lunch & we call our guide & enjoy the fare May's kindness has provided. It tastes good, but by the time we finish the clouds are coming into the crater. I try to sketch but soon the clouds have covered everything & it is only as they lift now & then that

I can see. How thankful we should be for that first view. We can see more goats. Joe almost runs into one, and sheep that look little bigger than goats below us. The echo is grand & I counted 9 times when Joe shouted, not following close upon each other, but with pauses between as if someone answered & passed the cry on to someone else beyond, each waiting until the sound reached him to call it out to the next man. Joe rolls stones down which take almost two minutes to reach the bottom. We hear them at first & then can only see the dust at the last. It is time to go home & the clouds which gather fast & faster have shut out our view, so it is not so hard to leave & they shelter us from the sun & keep us cool all the way down. We do not mind a little rain. Joe & I walk for a while & after we pass Olinda the guide leads us across a beautiful gulch & among some grand old Koa trees along the edge of the woods home. Just after we pass the gate into Will's canefields, Joe tries to dismount & walk; the mule will not stop & kicks just as he is half off, rolling him on his back in the mud. Fortunately he is not hurt. We arrived at the top of the mountain at half past ten & left at half past one, reaching home about half past five. May has had a trying day with Ah Lite. We have had a most successful trip & are not nearly so tired as we might be, though rather stiff.

Tuesday, Feb 7. May & I begin Warda. We spend a quiet day after our exertions of yesterday. Mr. Morrison comes up to dine & spends the night.

Wednesday, Feb. 8. Read a chapter in Warda, which grows more interesting, while May mends Will's coat. Then write for the steamer's mail which must leave Friday morning early. A hen brings out a brood of 8 little chickens.

Thursday, Feb. 9. Write all the morning & after lunch for a while. Then May, Joe & I ride down to Miss Hoffmann's & have a very pleasant call. Mr. & Mrs. James Alexander pass us on the way & say that they were coming to call. In the evening Mr. Morrison comes up to spend the night for the last time & we all talk. On the way home from Miss Hoffmann's we stop at Mr. Crowningberg's. He called with the mail the day before & asked us to go to see his house & place. Mrs. Crowningberg does not speak English tho' she understands it, & we do not either speak or understand native so we cannot talk much. There are some pretty straw mats on the tables that Mrs. C. has made herself and they show us different native straw hats made out of sugar cane, of pumpkin vine, of maidens hair fern. One hat with a very fine braid Mr. C. had had for 10 years. May & I write until half past twelve. This is the day of Ruth's ball.

Friday, Feb 10. I write to Sarah & to Will before breakfast. Directly after, Joe takes the mail to the P.O. Sew & read. Joe kills two ducks in the gulch, comes home for more cartridges as those he has will not fire, & goes down again,

but cannot catch the third, who is very shy & has been startled from where he left him by some native boys. 30 yoke of oxen try to move the cottage. They are too strong for the chain, which keeps breaking. They start the house a few feet, but are obliged to wait for another pair of wheels to really move it up here. We have the ducks for supper & they are very good. Mrs. Green & her daughter Laura called today. Mrs. G. told of her trip to Haleakala & of the round rainbow.

Saturday, Feb. 11. Sew & read in the morning. Joe goes to the store to do some shopping for May, comes home with a tin pail and two bulbs of flowers in bloom and a quantity of stones & water. Choc Sin was raising some flowers for the Chinese New Year's day & when Joe admired those on his desk, he told him they came from China & gave him some to take home. After lunch he rides down to "Norton's" store for some shot, later he joins us. May & I lock up the house & go down to see the cottage moved. 16 yoke of cattle are fastened to it, and when all is ready, the Kanakas shout, whips are snapped, cane & impromptu whips of every description are waved & flourished. The bullocks pull well, & the house starts, coming triumphantly down the hill. Then there is a little delay to turn the direction and drag it down onto the road. A native woman & two children have come to see the fun. The little girl keeps close to her mother, but the little boy shouts with the men & when the house does not start easily he pushes from behind! Two or three times we have moved to avoid the bullocks. At last it begins to rain. Some trees that were in the way of the cottage were cut down & from one of these the native woman makes a house, which shelters her & her children. They sit inside as comfortable as possible while May & I try to keep dry under one waterproof with poor success. Another native boy comes from the old house dragging his baby brother in a rough cart made of a square box on wheels. The little fellow stays with his mother, the older boys play about the cottage. After moving several times again we finally settle comfortably behind a fence & feel safe from the bullock. We watch the house with great interest, when May exclaims: "Oh there is the bull!" & not very far off we can see & hear the whole herd of cattle bearing down upon us. They are being driven up to the barn, & we are between them & the gate. We fly to the veranda of the cottage for refuge, but the men are prying it up to get at the wheels, & we do not feel secure there either.

To save a tree Mr. Jackson turns out into the field & there the furrows turn the wheels & it will go no further. One native with an old jacket & trousers, bare feet and a rough ragged felt hat had a beautiful red rose pinned in one side. He smoked a pipe & through all the excitement the black hat & red rose could be seen from afar. He is the same boy who rode the colt, & the handsome native who rode the other horse & led the colt, we saw too. He wore a feather lae on his hat. A large stout native with curly

hair like a negro's was very active. And a wirey little Japanese with so ragged a coat that we felt sure he could never get into it again if once he took it off, was always in the midst of the excitement. He is a desperate fellow & was one of the number who tried to kill Capt. Makee. Several Portuguese are among the workmen.

Will says they are thrifty & lay up money. Their rations are 1 lb. beef fresh or salt, or 1 lb. salmon, 1 lb. potatoes, 1½ lbs. flour, ½ lb. rice, ½ lb. beans a day, coffee, sugar & vinegar. The planters are obliged to feed the children too. Two children count as one man. A Portuguese woman shipped to work, but did not keep the agreement, & being a woman the law would not oblige her to work, so she went free. Her husband out of \$.30 a day supported her, must have bought any clothes they had & laid up \$50.00 in less than a year. He was allowed then \$8.00 a month to feed himself & laid up something each month from that. Probably they bought no clothes.

Sunday, Feb. 12. A rainy day. Will goes out for a little while, but the rest of us stay in the house all day. Welsh rare-bit at night.

Monday, Feb. 13. Joe & I walk up the hill by the canefields & then cross two beautiful gulches, see the falls in the third, where we find some beautiful ferns. One climbing fern is very pretty. Joe crosses the stream & finds a very delicate plant either moss or fern which we pass. We find seeds of Polypodium Spectrum greatly to our delight for now we need not struggle any longer with the plants. Two tree ferns we find here. When we get home, instead of Mrs. Green & her daughter, May tells us she is not coming. Her native went to Wailuku on Saturday but did not come home when they expected her this morning. After dinner May & I go down to the house again. First they put boards underneath the wheels & it starts forward nicely, but stops again and they finally have to cut down the last tree & pull the cottage back into the road. For a long time then it would not start. The cattle did not pull all together & we think it never will move, certainly not today. But suddenly it starts, when we had almost decided to go home & wait no longer. It starts, it goes on. The natives grow more & more excited. One man whirls his hat round & round at arms length, shouting at the top of his voice. Joe with a big piece of sugar cane shouts & flourishes half way up the hill. Mr. Jackson shouts "Go on! lay on your whips! do not stop!" & on it goes in triumph, on & on. May & I running ahead can hardly keep up. Still on & on up the hill, in sight of this house, on & on to its own place in triumph. Then the wheels are taken out, but as the last pair come away, it sinks & so has to be left tonight.

Tuesday, Feb. 14. Joe goes to Olinda for the mate of our horn & kills two pigeons. I sort & mark the fern seeds we collected yesterday & paint. The house is raised again &

looks very pretty. May's old chickens come up on the porch, one hops in her lap & later when they meet her out of doors, he perches on her arm.

Wednesday, Feb. 15. Pack & make ready for the volcano. May helps me pick the prickles off my dress. Tea at four o'clock at Mrs. Green's. The ladies from the Seminary & Miss Rouse are there. The tea was delicious & Mrs. Green very pleasant. Miss Laura was making a lei for me "for my sister Laura's sake." Mrs. G. is a friend of Mrs. Steadman J.P. & sent her "aloha" to her. Her old home was at Brimfield Mass. on a farm, but she had lived many years in Providence R.I. Will could not go. The rest of us ride there & back. The sailing vessels has arrived with papers, but she gave her mail in mid-ocean San Francisco to the China Steamer wh. has not arrived yet.

Thursday, Feb. 16. It was not in mid-ocean but at San Francisco that the mail after it had been on the sailing vessel for two days was transferred to the steamer. May's cook went in the morning & she cooks a very nice dinner for us. Joe & I wrote home and after dinner we four started with the new grey horses, Judge & Major, with the pole for the first time. They went very well & we had a delightful drive to Kahului, stopping at Miss Hoffmann's to say goodbye on the way. We saw Miss H. & her brother & Mr. Gottschalk & left a message for Mr. von Graivenmeyer. Both Dr. Standhart & his chinaman were away, but Will got the key of his house & we spent a very pleasant evening there. The house is very cosy & pretty & pleasant, not at all like an old bachelor's quarters. May & I call upon Mrs. Platy & we all take our tea at a chinaman's. On the way down May met her new cook on his way up. At nine o'clock we start for Maalaea in an express, bidding goodbye to May & Will. We have enjoyed our visit so much it is hard to leave them. The road to Wailuku is on the sea-shore, part of the way we drive with one wheel in the water, and hear the surf tho' it is too dark to see much. At Wailuku the driver stops for a few minutes opposite the Doctor's house there, & we see the lighted room beyond the veranda where half a dozen men are laughing & talking, looking quite at home & very comfortable. From Wailuku the man does not know the road, his lights dazzle him & he constantly hands the rein to Joe asking him "to hold the lines, while he finds the road." Sometimes it is on one side, sometimes on the other, but he returns equally cheerful in his discovery & announcing: "I've found it!" or "There it is" drives straight for it over stocks or stones, no matter what is in the way! Once he stopped close to a steep gulch, & then Joe suggested that he should put out his front light & hide the other under our seat, after which the road stretched out before us dim but easily to be seen & we had no more trouble. At Maalaea we arrived about half past eleven & went up to an old house or shanty, with a passage way all across the front, and opening out of this a lighted room with a bench all around the sides, on which



slept Chinamen, natives, Portuguese, and a large white man who seemed the proprietor lay extended at full length & talked incessantly from the time we arrived to whoever would listen to him. A table in the centre of the room had a light on it. I could see some old casks, a tin pan & a bowl in the corner near the door on the left. Joe got me a camp stool & I sat in the passage way outside, while a native slept at one end, his head on an old chair, lying on the floor. Mangy looking dogs wandered about. An old Portuguese in a wide black felt hat transferred back & forth, looking out of the window or door or talking to the dogs. While Joe was gone to look after our luggage, the white man came & asked me to "come inside." Afterward he showed Joe a block room, but we declined his offers, & after a while Joe too had a camp stool & with the partition for a back we slept as well as we could. The steamer came in sight about 4 a.m. but the boat was 1 hour & 10 minutes in landing. Capt. Newell came on shore & told us it had been terribly rough. He brought us our mail when we got on board & we began a most wretched voyage. He had brought saddle bags & we repacked our clothes into them.

Friday, Feb. 17. Wretched sea sickness!

Saturday, Feb. 18. About 11 o'clock a.m. we are landed at Punaluu & find horses waiting for us. As it is Chinese New Year at first the Chinaman refuses to give us anything to eat, but relents finally on persuasion & after breakfast we start for the mill at Pahala where Mr. Foster receives us very kindly. Capt. Newell cuts sugarcane for us in the evening.

Sunday, Feb. 19. Mr. Foster rides with us part way to Kapapala Ranche. See the mud flow. Joe gives his letter of introduction from Mr. Jones to Mr. Conrad at the Ranche & he gives us a very nice lunch. While the horses rest, we walk out behind the house & find ferns in lava caves, & hen's nests hidden among them. Joe finds a cave he remembered seeing the last time he was here. Start again about 12:30 with a native guide. Mauna Loa is clear all day & very beautiful with the snow on its summit. We see the late lava flow where it started towards Kau & steam still rising from the crater. Halt about half way & refresh ourselves with the Capt.'s sugar cane. My horse is lazy, I try to urge him on with my umbrella, like pictures of helpless old ladies on donkeys, but he does not mind in the least, so Joe has to follow behind swinging his rope as if he were chasing & lassoing wild cattle! The two shadows are very funny. At last we see the crater on our right & at the same time a very beautiful & regular cloud that I had seen coming up behind Mauna Loa developed into a lovely snow Mt. Mauna Kea. Then we rode into a cloud & arrive at the Volcano House in a fine rain at five o'clock.

[pressed plant]

The parlor opens off the long veranda in front & through



the open door the goat skins in front of two sofas on one side, & the blazing wood fire on the other look very pleasant & hospitable. Three gentlemen are sitting about the fire telling of their experiences that day in the crater - Mr. Beck & Mr. Miller of San Francisco & Mr. Hitchcock of Hilo. The latter came to the Islands round Cape Horn with Ned, when they were both boys & asked with great interest all about him now. Photographs & a framed letter of Mark Twain's to the landlord & some sketches hang on the walls. The chimney is built out in the room & the rafters all show on the roof. All looks very primitive & very pleasant. At dinner Mr. Linz. scorns the idea of beer, but takes a great interest in the conversation joining in from the next room, or occasionally coming in himself to enforce a remark.

Monday, Feb. 20. Start for the crater with Mr. Robeck, a white guide who has been here 4 years. He has been a sailor, on a whaling ship & merchantman & was a soldier, wounded & prisoner in our war. He says the crater has risen about 200 to 300 feet since he has been there. We past beautiful ferns & silver sword like leaves with a stalk of handsome yellow berries, from which leaves a delicate tissue is peeled off which we saw hanging in the parlor of the Volcano House. The crater is much larger than I had imagined - the steam rises from cracks all over it, but more in some places than in others. The fog & rain shut out the sun & we are glad to warm our hands over these natural registers. The lava looks yellow & red & is almost too hot to touch about these cracks. At the "New lake" we stop "to wait for the old lady to break up" as Mr. Robeck says. I try to sketch. He watches earnestly for some time & then says: "If the people in Hilo saw that sketch they would not know it!" greatly to Capt. Newell's amusement. He then told us we were the second party that he had brought to see the lake from that point. He turned his back to the hot lava to warm himself & asked Joe if he had ever read "The Bride's Fate?" "It's a splendid book, I sat up half the night yesterday to finish it. I'll lend it to you."

The "New Lake" is about 1000 feet by 700. I was disappointed not to see it red and boiling at once all over, but the irregular forks of red lava here & there are almost more terrible, breaking out you know not where next & reaching up like snakes or a long lank arm away out beyond the gray lava about it. Sometimes black stones are thrown up. At South Lake it is too foggy to see anything, but they tell us the light from that at night comes more from reflection against the shining lava walls wh. surround it. The side of the crater towards Mauna Loa is almost free from the clouds & the smoke here is very blue. We gather specimens of colored lava & find a great deal of sulphur at another place where a black cone has been thrown straight up.

After about 5 hours we get back to the hotel, very wet but still fresh. Afternoon paint & talk about the wood fire. The Capt. sets the clock ahead to try to hurry dinner. At about 8 o'clock p.m. arrive two dripping cold & way worn

travellers from Hilo, who turn out to be our fellow passengers from San Francisco, the English lady travelling with her servant. The poor lady's hands are stiff & numb with the cold. I help her take off her cloak & hood & lend her my handkerchief to wipe her hands. But her courage seems to have held out better than the young man's, for he sits down before the fire with a most dejected air, first taking off his boots, then his wet stockings & finally gazing helplessly at his feet wh. were wetter than either, he said to me very sadly: "Er, could not you get me a towel? Er - or something?"

After they have had some supper, the lady tells us what a very hard ride they have had, how she almost turned back, & how wet & bad the road is. We are more glad than ever that we are to return through Kau. She tells too of Ruth's ball & luau, of how she was every inch the Chiefess and danced with great dignity, but was much displeased because the people did not leave her more room when she stood up to open the ball with the king. At the ball her dress was white, but at the luau she wore a dress of two shades of satin, trimmed with silver trimming.

Tuesday, Feb. 21. Start in a rain but after about an hour's ride come out into the sun-shine again. Lunch at Mr. Conrad's meet his wife. Arrive at the mill (Mr. C. going with us as far as the store) in time to go over it before it closes. The cane that is growing in the field in the morning can be eaten as sugar at night, tho' usually it is yesterdays cane (cane cut yesterday) that is made into No. 1 sugar today. The molasses from this sugar is made into No. 2, but this must stand a week or 10 days before the sugar forms. The molasses is a third time boiled for sugar No. 3 & this must stand sometimes 3 weeks.

Wednesday, Feb. 22. Bid Mr. Foster good bye & ride to Punaluu. There we overtake Mr. Conrad & his family. Pass a funny little black pig, who is crying & looks all head. The ride from Punaluu to Honuapu is over an a-a flow of lava. The sea is very rough & the spray dashes high against the rough black rocks. At Honuapu Capt. Newell consults with Mr. Simonson, the purser of the Iwalani about our going on board. He says it is safe for him because he can swim, but he does not think it is fit weather for a lady. We see one boat run onto the rocks. So we leave our saddlebags & after a lunch at a little restaurant start off for the next landing place 10 miles away. I had the poor tired horse again but Joe changed with me & Capt. Newell with a piece of sugar cane drives my horse for me. All the horses are rather tired & discouraged. We get on famously & are so interested that we forget to look out for turns & are quite pleased at the prospect of riding through a pretty little village close in front of us, when shouts behind make the Capt. turn around & the guide motions to us that we are on the wrong track & have missed a turn. So back we must turn when we do not feel like taking one extra step! Joe gets off his horse first, then Capt. N. & I & walk what seems a long way, then

ride again. The longest 10 miles I ever remember, but infinitely better than sea sickness. At Kaalualu we arrive 2:30 p.m., the steamer is due at 3, but does not arrive until nearly dark. Capt. Newell & Joe take a bath wh. they find very refreshing and I wait in a native house. When the steamer comes in sight we all go down to the landing again and wait for a long time. Capt. Newell brings some milk wh. is very refreshing. We can see three boats lashed together carried away almost onto the rocks. They tried to tow some lumber ashore, but had to cut it lose finally. At last they work their way back to the steamer & another boat comes for us. Capt. Allen said he only sent again because Capt. Newell whose ship he knew needed him. The boat with our luggage had upset, but nothing was lost. The getting from the boat to the steamer was frightful, especially for Mrs. Conrad's two babies. Poor Mrs. C. was excited & frightened after it was all over & quite faint, but very quiet & brave at the time.

Thursday, Feb. 23. Capt. Newell dried our wet clothes. Joe was able to stay out on deck & enjoy the views wh. he said were very beautiful. Cocoanuts & oranges were brought on board at different places. But oh! the horrid sea-sickness!

Friday, Feb. 24. Arrived at Honolulu early in the morning. Ned Jones met us at the wharf & told us that Mrs. Carter's baby had died -dear little Joshua- his father thought we had better go home with him. So here we are in our pleasant Williams cottage again. Mrs. Carter in spite of her own trouble sent down some champagne for me which did me good.

I saw her this afternoon. The baby died of Quincy. He was playing with his playthings on Sunday & died early Monday morning. Mrs. Carter wants to see George's photographs that reminded her so much of Joshua, as he always made me think of George in his winning ways & beautiful smile. Everybody misses him, besides their sympathy for his mother, and it is so hard for her to have her husband away. She feels that the Doctors understood the case perfectly & that he did not suffer. Everything was done that could be done, and that is a great comfort now.

The steamer was late, only arriving last evening, and we found our letters this morning. I dreaded to read them at first, but all were well at home. Only from San Francisco Aunt Jennie has had sickness, Tom has had mumps & typhoid, & Will had mumps when Aunt L. wrote. Mrs. Paty & her daughter Mrs. Benson called.

Saturday, Feb. 25. Went to see Mrs. Carter. Joe lunched on board the "Amy Turner." Called at Mrs. Adams & found her interested in the Athletic Association. Promised to lend her Mr. Emerson's Immortality. Call at Mrs. Parke's in the evening.

Sunday, Feb. 26. Call at Mrs. Dominis' & find her well except for rheumatism. Gov. Dominis comes while we are

there. He has been sick at the Palace & his Mother has been entirely alone for a week. Afternoon, write to May. Evening, call at Judge Hartwell's and at Judge Austin's & Judge Judd's.

Monday, Feb. 27. Have a long talk with Mrs. Carter, & carry the book to Mrs. Adams. Go to see Mr. Furneaux's pictures with Joe. He is at work upon one of Nuuanu Valley, which I liked very much. Capt. Newell comes in after dinner & Mr. & Mrs. Jones. Capt. N., Joe & I walk up by Mr. Comley's house & home by the bridge. Mrs. Jones finds me some strawberry guavas wh. are delicious. Poor Joe's lip troubles him very much. When we come home Mrs. Jones mixes him some achonite & send for some Bismuth which Mrs. Carter recommended mixed with vaseline, and these relieve him so that he sleeps very well.

Tuesday, Feb. 28. Mrs. Parke & Miss Bernice call & invited us to stay with them. Miss Julie Judd calls & invites us to dine with her on Tuesday next week. I go to Mrs. Carter's & find May's boots. Mrs. Judd sent some Jelly to Joe & when I went to thank her, some beautiful flowers. Capt. Newell dines at Mr. Jones on the "fatted turkey" wh. is delicious. After dinner, at Ada's suggestion, Mrs. Jones, Gussie Carter, Ada, Alice & I drive down to the Esplanade & see the "Amy Turner" looking very pretty against the evening sky. Then Mrs. Jones shows me how to make potatoe salad.

Wednesday, March 1. Go to fish market with Mrs. Jones. Meet Mrs. Allen & drive with her to Chinese shops. Before going down town went with Mrs. J. & Alice up to Mrs. Carter's old place where we found palm seeds, strawberry guavas, tamarinds, beautiful pink oleandas, seeds of white lilies &, under the bridge, some native maiden's-hair ferns. Alice fills her hat with strawberry guavas & Mrs. Jones serves them with sugar & cream for lunch. Joe stays at home & nurses his lip all the morning. Afternoon we walk to Antoine's & see palms in different stages. Joe orders some for Mr. Ross to go home in "Amy Turner" & some for Aunt Lizzie. Evening drive with Mr. & Mrs. Dole & have a very good time. Joe covers his lip with egg skin, which works very well indeed.

Thursday, March 2. Go to Chinese shops with Mrs. Jones. Then home to pack & to Mrs. Parke's in time for dinner.

Friday, March 3. Go shopping with Miss Annie in the morning. Call at Mrs. Allen's & she gives me three rough cocoa-nuts & 1 mounted. Take them to Mr. Wiki to be polished. After lunch Joe climbs a cocoa-nut tree & gathers the nuts. Will climbs a mango tree & pokes down some young cocoa-nuts with a rake. We feast on cocoa-nut milk & cream. Then Joe & I drive up the valley & call at Dr. Hoffmann's, but find no one at home. Then at Mrs. Benson's, upon her & her mother & see her baby, a most lovely little girl. Mrs. Paty is probably going on the steamer with us. Then to Mrs. Carter's where we hear that Miss Judy & Cordy & the good Scotch nurse

are all sick & Mrs. Carter has given up going to Maui.

In the evening, Capt. Newell dines at Mrs. Parke's & Will shows us his postage stamps. Mr. & Mrs. Furneaux call upon Mrs. Parke. Joe tries to see Mr. Woodhouse but finds him in bed.

Saturday, March 4. Joe had a bad tooth ache all night & goes to the dentist's in the morning. Dr. Whitney says the trouble came from a pocket in the gum, where food lodged & cuts an opening up to the bone. wh. he means to keep open until it heals. Bought photos & drove thro' hospital yard with Mrs. P. in the morning. Cannot go to the lunch at Judge McCully's. Afternoon walk up to Mrs. Jones' for clean clothes. Bass-ball between Seniors vs. Infants. Evening the Misses Parke go to row. Joe stays at the cottage feeling pretty uncomfortable.

Sunday, March 5. Joe is better. Stay at the cottage. Joe goes to Dr. Whitney's in the morning. Afternoon drive out to the park with Mr. & Mrs. Parke, meet Mr. & Mrs. Allen, Mr. & Mrs. Bishop & M. & Mme. Koechlin. Madame looks very picturesque & pretty in a scarlet Japanese hat & grey linen & turkey red dress & red parasol. Evening go to church to hear Mr. Crusans address to business men, & see Miss Annie's flowers - white lilies & ferns. They are beautiful. She looked like a lily herself tonight in her white dress, dainty sweet fresh & pure.

After church we watch the lightening in a cloud behind the house - flashes & chain & forked. Between the lightnings the moon is beautiful & the dark cloud comes between it & a palm tree that glistens in its light.

Monday March 6. Leave Mrs. Parke's early. We have enjoyed our visit & I feel as if I knew them all much better. See the chinaman about the clothes & drive to Waikiki with Mrs. Jones. After lunch drive out on the plains again with Judge & Mrs. Austin. Evening dine at Col. Judd's with Mrs. Pervis & Miss Julie, Mr. Whitney, Bonney & Mr. Pervis. After dinner look at pictures & Miss Judd with Mr. P. beat Mr. Whitney & Joe at whist. A perfect Honolulu day everyone says.

Tuesday, March 7. Write to May & go to see Mrs. Carter. Little Cordie is better, but must still be watched very carefully. Mail my letter & do some shopping, then dine at Mrs. Allen's at 2 o'clock, with Mr. & Mrs. Dole, Mrs. Parker Makee, & Mr. Wilder. Very pleasant. Mrs. A. shows Mrs. D. & me some books & pictures. Joe drives with Mr. Allen to see Gov. Dominis off to Maui, & then to see the Artesian well that is being bored in government yard. Then Joe & I drive up home to dress, & back to Mrs. Allen's for tea; then to Mrs. McGrew's "musical." Mr. Barnard plays the violin, a duet with his daughter who plays the piano. Mrs. Perry, an English lady, plays beautifully with a very delicate & dainty touch, but very expressive. She is English & said she should have so enjoyed being in Boston 20 years

ago to hear Mr. Emerson. She does not at all agree with him, yet she likes his books. Sit next to Mrs. Glade at supper, & she is very full of fun & nonsense. After the salad has gone, she clings to her spoon as a promise of something more.

Wednesday, March 8. Shop in the morning & break a Chinese cup on the way home that I meant for Laura's birthday present. Mrs. J. Carter gives me some lily seeds, & some ginger roots, & some ginger flowers to paint. Joe telephones to invite Mrs. Jones & me to go on board the "Amy Turner" after lunch. We go all over her & admire her very much. Lovely views of Diamond Head & Waianai Mts. Walk home, paint & call at the Judds, McCullys & on Mrs. Dole in the evening.

Thursday, March 9. Mrs. Carter sends home the album with a beautiful note & three sweet little violets. We start soon after breakfast for Kaneohe on horseback. Joe's horse escapes in a shower, but Mr. J. caught him. Wet & slippery crossing the Pali but beautiful on the other side. Mrs. Rose gives us a nice lunch. To the mill in the afternoon. It is worked by water-power & is very old fashioned & primitive. Mr. & Mrs. Merrill call upon us. They live in a little long building, church one end & dwelling house the other. He teaches a school & preaches on Sundays, I suppose. After dinner we hear the bells from the Josh house, but when Mr. Rose proposes to take us there the lights are put out. Laura's birthday, but I have not had a moment to write to her.

Friday, March 10. Get up early to see the sun rise & the colors on the mts. I make a sketch while the gentlemen ride off on the plantation. Soon after breakfast, we start for home. It must sometime have been a big crater. The mts. rise all around it & are very beautiful & picturesque. There is also a view of the sea.

Meet rain on the Pali where the water runs down a stream. Joe & I ride up but Mr. Jones walks the last half. The sun is clouded so we do not feel the heat. Get home about half past one. Mrs. Adams called yesterday leaving my book & a letter of introduction to her sister for me.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Judd with Allan & Charlie come in after dinner. Call at Mrs. Dominis, Mr. & Mrs. Allen's (where we meet Dr. Emerson & Mr. S [blank] from New York), Mrs. Bishop's, Mrs. McGrew's, Mme Koechlin's, Mrs. Damon's & Mrs. Parke's.

Saturday, March 11. Shop in the morning, then finish my sketch of the ginger flowers & pack. Mrs. Gilman & Mrs. Atherton & Mrs. Gilman call after dinner, & we go over to see Mr. & Mrs. Judd as it rained in the morning & we could not go to Pawaa. A gun at dinner startled us, so we finish all our packing before we go to bed.

Sunday, March 12. Morning we go to Antoine's & leave word

about the plants to go by the "Amy Turner" & then up onto PunchBowl for a piece of prickly pear. After lunch call at Judge Hartwell's and Mr. Adams & at Mrs. Carter's, but she was just going to little Joshua's grave with Cordy, so we did not stop. Saw Mrs. Adams' baby to report to his Aunt Annie.

Home for a rest & to Mrs. Parke's to tea, where we meet Mr. Whiting & Mr. Stearns. Miss Annie shows us a clock with a face that gives out light at night wh. it absorbes during the day. She wore a black silk dress tonight with black laces at the neck & sleeves, only a yellow rose for color at her throat. She looked like an artist tonight. She is always sweet & bonny. Just as we are getting into bed we hear a long loud whistle, & think at once of the steamer, but Mr. Jones calls from the house that it is the "Kilauea Hou" & we sleep peacefully.

Monday, March 13. In the morning we hear that the steamer arrived about 2 a.m. & will sail soon after four p.m. I drive down town to get the cocoa-nuts & stop to show them to Mrs. Allen. There I find Miss Hoffmann who came on the Kilauea Hou. May & Will drove down with her to Kahaluhi. From there she had a horrid trip, laying out in the sun all day long. Of course today she is exhausted & resting at Mrs. A.'s before going up the Valley. I am so glad to have seen her again. Then to Mrs. Parke's where Mrs. P. & her daughters write in my birthday book. Home to find Joe just writing me a note in despair of my keeping him waiting so long, when I said I would be back directly! Mrs. Judd comes with the baby to say goodbye. Miss Carter too & her mother. Mrs. Jones brings out her sewing & tells me about Anna's leaving. I am so sorry. After lunch go to see Mrs. Carter, a shower comes on & Joe comes for me in an express. He goes down to the steamer with the luggage & I wait to go with Mrs. Jones. Miss King comes to see us off & at three o'clock Mrs. J., Ada & I start. I carry some lovely flowers from Mrs. Judd & Mary Carter. Some jelly from Mrs. J. Carter & some tamarinds from Mrs. Jones; also a pail of eggs from Mrs. J. wh. are the greatest comfort later. Miss Julie Judd brings us some poi. Mr. & Mrs. Allen, Mr. Parke & Miss Annie & Bernice, Mr. Hatch & ever so many more people we see on board to say goodbye. Judge & Mrs. Austin we saw just as we left the carriage. Mrs. Allen introduces a Mr. Isaacs who was once at the Islands for a year or two on an English man-of-war, "The Mermidon." He is now ordered to England from Australia. Miss Smith is going all alone from Honolulu & we agree to look after her & help her if we can. Just before dinner we start according to the habit of ocean steamers. The harbor is beautiful as we sail out, as long as I can stay up to look at it. Try some poi once & want no more!

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Only seasickness.

Friday, March 17. I go up deck for the first time in the



evening. There is music & dancing in honor of St. Patrick's day. First salt bath.

Saturday, March 18. Go up on deck right after breakfast & enjoy watching the people. A Right Rev. Bishop Crane sits just opposite me. He is a fine looking old man, who reminds me of Mr. Ingersol Bowditch. His sister's face I like too, especially when she comes to speak to him. Her oldest daughter does not look so attractive. Her short waving hair parted on one side, tall angular figure & deep voice are too much like a man. The younger sister seems much more gentle. Little Miss Smith, who was supposed to come under our protection came to speak to me last evening and again today. She introduced Miss Davenport, who said she knew Mrs. Gilman at Honolulu, & Mrs. G. meant to introduce us to each other on the steamer, but could not find us. She is travelling with her mother & Father & sister for the Mother's health, who has bronchitis. They are on their way to England to be gone 2 years. Miss D. introduced a young girl from Victoria, Miss Paty or some such name, who told me a good deal about Australia. How Sydney & Victoria were always rivals. Sydney people were much more conservative & preferred English customs & English people. They have a fine harbor & that the Victoria people allow, while they will not see any advantages in Victoria, though the streets are regular & wide so the handsome buildings show to much better advantage & the Victorians (?) are much more ready to adopt improvements & take up new ideas than those who live in Sydney. She describes a new dance in England called "The Lady of the Lake," where one hops all the length of the room on one foot (this requires practice to be done gracefully) then takes a partner who hops back while No. 1 executes a most difficult & complicated step with a sliding side way motion. Then they waltz a little, & dance the polka, majorka & schottisch. It required 3 months to learn this & now she can only dance it with her little sister, as the young men in Australia are too lazy to learn, & say the waltz is good enough for them. She hopes to dance it in London. This evening there was a concert in aid of the "Seamans Aid Society of New South Wales." A testimony was presented to the Captain, signed by the passengers expressing their appreciation of his good care of his ship, & kind attentions to them, & congratulating him upon the good feeling between him & his officers. This we afterwards heard was because one of the passengers had tried to make trouble, actually going to the Captain's private room & examining his papers, & afterwards stating in the hotel at Honolulu that the Captain was 17 miles out of his course, while really he had gone one side of an island instead of the other, where the choice was left to his discretion.

Sunday, March 19. Spend the day on deck, while Joe writes down below. It is too cold to write so I fold my hands & enjoy the almost frosty air. We heard yesterday of two deaths, a man & a little boy. The man was a Morman elder & his wife is anxious to carry him to Utah. The ship rolled



very badly today.

Monday, March 20. Rolling again & too cold to write on deck. I am sorry for I meant to answer so many letters. We hurry up after dinner (my first meal at table) to see the light on the Farralone Islands. The Captain made it straight in front & is pleased for he has never been on this coast before. Father Leonor wrote in my birthday book tonight so did Miss Smith. Joe showed our photograph book to Mr. Bishop. We go below for our last night on board & rejoice to think of dry land being so near. Hear shouts of "Man overboard." A young Englishman tried to lean against the bulworks after they had been taken down to make place for the gangway, & of course he fell into the water. Having a heavy ulster on he could not swim. A rope was thrown & the boatswain went in after him, but he was too heavy to pull in & but for the custom house boat, which came just in time, he must have been drowned.

Tuesday, March 21. Joe gets our trunks thro' the custom house without any trouble. We breakfast on board. I bade goodbye to Miss Davenport & gave her our address. She said her father hoped to go to Boston. Both she & her sister are sorry to leave the ship. We go to the Palace Hotel & have a pleasant front room with a fire & the morning sun. Write home & get settled while Joe goes down town & brings back ever so many letters - from home, from Mr. Brewer & Eliza & from the dear Sarah a cordial invitation to come as soon & stay as long as we can. The Pavilion is all ready for us. Dine with Mr. Smith & after dinner go out to Aunt Jennie's where we find a family party complete except Uncle Barnum, who has had diptheria. Will B. came down to see his Father & is going back to his mine tomorrow, so we have just caught him. Mrs. Thomas Ward looks very pretty, Uncle Barnum is improving fast & the rest are all well except Aunt Jennie is tired & the boys want her to go east, which she thinks seriously of doing in May.

Wednesday, March 22. Go to call upon Mrs. Cunningham & Mrs. McNeil & stay to lunch. Mrs. Cunningham very kindly went with me to shop for May & for myself. Then out to Folsom St. where I see Aunt Jennie & Lizzie & our Australia girl who is making a dress for Aunt J. & with whose mother she hopes to go east by & bye. Aunt Jennie & I go to Aunt Lizzie's & have a very pleasant call upon her & Uncle Barnum.

Find Mr. Smith & Joe just going to dinner in despair as I am nearly an hour behind time, having trusted to the daylight instead of looking at my watch. After dinner, call upon Mrs. McCoppin but do not find her at home. Mr. McC. is out of town.

Thursday, March 23. Aunt Jennie & Aunt Lizzie call for me soon after ten & we start for Oakland. The sail is so pleasant. Then we take the car & later walk to Mrs.

Caruth's, past some very pretty places, with beautiful green turf, great trees & lovely flowers. Mrs. Caruth has a very pleasant cosy home, part of the lower floor of a house. Hall, parlor (with a sofa bed) & kitchen. The kitchen she uses for dining room too, & it is perhaps the pleasantest room of all, with plants in the window. All the house is finished in red wood oiled wh. is a rich color & very pretty. The hall is large with a grey felt carpet & large rug of natural seal skins. The parlor has an open fire place in one corner. We try to go to the baths at Alameda but the train does not connect, so we go back to San Francisco & ride out to Laurel Hill in the horsecars & home over Nob Hill on the front seat of the dummy. Afternoon pack & shop for our lunch basket. Mr. Bellhaes comes to call & Lizzie & Tom to dine with us. We enjoy their visit very much. They are our first company & Joe says, "It will be sometime before we have another guest as pretty as Mrs. Tom Ward." This as we went back to our room after a last glimpse of them before the elevator went out of sight, looking up at us & smiling. Pack until late.

Friday, March 24. Mr. Smith goes to the ferry to see us off & we take the 9:30 boat on our way to Newhall. The wild flowers are most beautiful - fields in masses of blue, pink, yellow & orange. Whole fields of escholchias, a deeper color than any I ever saw before. Joe gathers me some other flowers & I finally sieze the dinner stop to run across one or two fields for some. A freight train blocks the way as I come back, but I run round it after trying in vain to climb over, arrive all out of breath & find I had 10 minutes to spare. Very warm day.

Saturday, March 25. Arrive at Newhall at 6.40, breakfast & start in the stage about 7.15. A queer old stage with the only outside seats beside the driver, & one of these was engaged before we arrived. Our inside neighbors are two sherifs bound to Santa Barbara to attend the trial of a road agent whom they helped to capture, & a Mexican who only goes part way. We are delighted with the birds & their singing. Blue birds, spring birds & larks that we thought at first were bobolinks. Hawks light on the fence beside the road, fly on a little & light again. A horseman escorts us part way. There are little boxes on high poles beside the road, into wh. the driver tosses the mail as we pass. Ground squirrels, wh. are like a fat grey squirrel at home with all the romance taken out of him, are everywhere. A curious bird that the sherifs call a "ground-runner" holds his tail straight out behind him & runs so fast we did not know at first whether it was a bird or squirrel. Our road follows a river valley between the mts. We stop to change horses at a house surrounded with what we think are peach trees with all the color washed out of their blossoms, but the farmer's wife tells me they are almonds. Her little boy has been up among the hills to gather the first wild flowers of the season for his little sister. He may be six

& she about four. It was very cunning to watch her delight & his pride & pleasure in her enjoyment. Joe gathered some water-cresses for our lunch wh. we ate under difficulties crossing a stream. At Ventura we dropped a little Frenchman who had been very talkative. I went into the old Mission Church. After this we had a lighter stage & before long came out onto the beach, where the stage scarcely made a mark on the hard sand. The sea air is very reviving. The driver pointed out an extinct volcano & a block of light yellow lava that had fallen on the beach. Inland again past splendid old live oaks to Carpinteria, where we had a good supper. An old Spanish woman wanted the side of the stage down to keep out the air & after we left Carpinteria she smoked a cigarette.

We listened for Mr. Forbes' carriage, for he had sent telegrams to Newhall & to Ventura saying he would take us off the stage somewhere beyond Carpinteria. He came himself with Alice & led a horse that he rode back himself, while we were put into the carriage. The fresh air and open carriage & such good company were very refreshing, and we did not feel as if we had travelled so far when we arrived. Mrs. Forbes, Miss Ware & Sarah were waiting supper for us & all gave us such a kind welcome. Mrs. Forbes took us out to the Pavilion with which we were as much charmed as Alice & Mr. Cary had been. An octagon room with 5 windows & a little dressing room leading out of it, all finished like most beautiful cabinet work in light wood & Cal. red wood. The octagon roofs runs up to a point. In this room which is entered from a tiny veranda, are a bureau, couch that can be made up for a bed, corner closet & nails. Pretty flowers every where to make us welcome, some lovely wild flowers that Mrs. Edw. Cunningham had been kind enough to send, & Chinese pictures & fans made the rooms very gay.

Sunday, March 26. Mr. Forbes, Mr. & Mrs. Cary & Joe started for Hope Rancho, Mr. Cooper's & Mr. Hollister's nurseries, picking up Mrs. Francis Cunningham on the way. This is a day's expedition & I preferred to stay with Sarah. Mrs. Oliver came to call just before S. & I started for a drive. We sketched a little house, & saw some beautiful wild flowers - blue flax that I had never seen before. Afternoon walked with Mrs. Forbes to the brook & found some lovely wild flowers. In the evening Mr. & Mrs. Cary & Mrs. Cunningham came to call.

Monday, March 27. Sara, Joe & I ride to Dinsmore cañon. The sun came out as we wanted him, and we were all delighted with the steep high rocks & the sun shine over the hills. Real California sunshine that is clear & yet cast a warm glow rather than a haze over the distance, or in fact on all it shines on. As we turned to come back however the fog still hung over the sea, & we missed that view which is said to be beautiful. Sunday afternoon walked to the beach with Mrs. Forbes and watched the surf roll in & saw the cliffs. Saw more flax & Mrs. Forbes told the story of the

Germans who threw themselves off a cliff into a field of flax & tried to swim thinking it was the sea. Hurried home to avoid a shower & then climbed a fence to avoid a bull. Saw Mr. Forbes field full of most beautiful live oaks scattered by nature in groups & alone as if for a park. This evening Mr. Edward Cunningham & Ethel came with Alice & Mr. Cary. Mr. Geo. Forbes dined at Mrs. Forbes today. Afternoon wrote & read Sarah's letters. Beautiful sunset.

Tuesday, March 28. Miss Emma Ware started for home this morning. Alice & Hester & Mr. George Forbes went with her to the Ojai. The sun came out as they started, then clouded over. Sarah & Mr. Forbes, Joe & I went to the Hot Spring Cañon on horseback & climbed above the clouds. At the Springs, Mr. Forbes stopped for a bath. We all dismounted. Joe, S. & I walked to the half way house collecting ticks as we went along. Then we had some lunch & J. turned back because of his foot. S. & I pushed on as much farther to the lookout where we had lovely views of the sweep of the hills & the same glorious sun light. Towards the sea however we looked over a thick band of clouds that shut it out completely, so we could only see the tops of the mts. on the Islands. We stayed some time fascinated by the view. Then stopped to rest & cool at the half way house again & just as we were starting from there heard Joe call. We had been gone so long that Mr. Forbes grew anxious & sent him in pursuit. After bathing our faces in the hot sulphur water, we started home, stopping at the brook to get the red camelias we had left there. For on our way we stopped at a Mr. [blank] who showed us a variety of trees & gave us some oranges & these camelias to take away with us. Afternoon drive to Santa Barbara with Mrs. Forbes & call upon Mrs. Francis Cunningham, stopping at Mrs. Edw. Cunningham's first, but as she was just going to walk Mrs. Forbes did not stop.

Wednesday, March 29. Mrs. F. Cunningham has come to spend the day. Sarah, Ethel, Mr. Forbes, Joe & I rode through Sycamore Cañon to the old mission. Too cloudy for a distant view, but the near hills we could see & a great many wild flowers wh. seemed larger & a deeper color than we had seen before. Saw the house Mr. Oliver has bought. The Mission has a monastery connected with it. There are 7 or 8 monks there now. Ethel knows one of the Fathers or brothers I should say perhaps & we hoped he would take us up into the towers, but we could not wait long enough. [In margin: When Joe asked Ethel if she had ever ridden astride, she turned & said simply, "Oh yes! When I was on the Steppes in Tartary I rode so all the time." She rides beautifully.] When we arrived they were hearing confessions & would not be free for half an hour. A voice from one of the confessionals startled us as we stood near it. The old building is very picturesque. It was yellow adobe but when it was repaired, it was white washed, so the old color only shows now here & there. Mrs. Forbes & Mrs. Cunningham came in the carriage for Sarah. Ethel, & Joe & I rode to the Arlington. Then

E. left us & we called upon Mr. & Mrs. Holmes, & Mr. & Mrs. Farley. I did not ask to see Mrs. Farley's baby as this is her last day. I am very sorry later & she was sorry too she did not bring him down, as her sisters told me afterward. It was too bad. She looked very sweet & pretty. Hurried home, lest we should be late for dinner. Delightful canter on the beach. Mr. John Cheney & Daisy came to dinner. Afterward Dr. & Mrs. Guild, & Mrs. & Mrs. Oliver came to call.

Thursday, March 30. Walked with Mrs. Forbes up behind the house & across the brook, rushing over the stones with a delicious sound, & through a very pretty little lane to see some large prickly pears that grow beside the road. Then Sarah, Joe & I ride after Mr. Forbes & Mr. Edw. Perkins (who arrived this morning) & meet them near Mr. Forbes' new trees. Then rode down onto the beach & up under the cliffs, wh. are very curious. The rock swarmed with disagreeable little bugs that ran very fast as we came near. They were so thick they darkened the sand & Molly was afraid of them at first. Afternoon Alice came home & said they had had a most successful trip & bright sunshine in the Ojai, so Miss Ware had a pleasant start on her journey, especially as she met some friends of Mrs. Cunningham's there bound for San Francisco & they went together. Mrs. Forbes, Joe & I called at Mrs. Edw. Cunningham's but found no one at home. Then walked to the brook to look for nemophelas to paint.

Friday, March 31. Alice came over in the morning. Then Sarah & I went to walk. The day was warm & we sat on the fence to rest. Passed a house belonging to one of the old Spanish families. Met Ethel who came home with us through the beautiful Pepper Lane & over the stepping stones in the brook, where Mrs. Cunningham fell in one dark night, when the stones had been displaced by a freshet. Afternoon packed & Sarah fitted up our lunch basket. I finished this journal to here. Afternoon an early tea, we bade them all good bye & were sorry to leave. Mr. Forbes had engaged the best state room for us & William drove us down to the boat. Seeing so many home families & familiar faces, it was hard to realize that we really were so far away from home. We felt more as if this were a new corner of Milton we had not seen before & our own home people might meet us at any corner. Once we are really off with a whole week's journey before we can get home, we realize that we have been spending a week on the Pacific.

Saturday, April 1. Very quiet night. Arrive at Wilmington about quarter past eight. The tug was sent out to meet the steamer & as it rained the cabin was crowded. Miss Wilkinson's nephew would not come in because there was not room for all the ladies. Miss W. talked with a pretty young girl who reminded me of Miss Kirby, Lillie's friend. She was travelling with her mother & father for her health. She had bronchitis & for 6 years has not been able to be at home for more than

6 months together. Ask for admittance at the Kimball Mansion & are given the room that was reserved for Mrs. Jackson (H.H.) who did not come. Spent a quiet day in preparation for our journey. Joe tried to find Mr. Morrison but did not succeed. I left my blue & green shawl in the car this morning.

Sunday, April 2. Find our trunk safe in the depot, but Joe could not hear anything of my shawl. Our section had been given to someone else & we were fortunate to get upper berths, opposite each other.

This afternoon we came to the desert more than 200 feet below the surface of the sea. The heat & dust were intense, only cacti, tufts of dry grass here & there, & dwarfed shrubs grew here, but the mts. were beautiful & the lights & colors & shadows constantly changing. Sometimes we passed tracts of nothing but sand & wonderful mirages where we could see not only water, but the distant shore & islands reflected in it. Really there was not water for hundreds of miles. Sketched & wrote, Joe gathered flowers. Supper at Yuma wh. U.S. military station. We explore a quartz machine wh. turned out a water punch. Delicious ice.

Monday, Apr. 3. Higher elevation but not much more vegetation. Still a sandy desert. The night was very hot & dusty. So is today. This is the land of the cactus. We have passed so many varieties, but the cars would not stop where we could gather any. Sketch & write Island letters. Changed cars at Deming, where we saw a beautiful sunset turning the mts. redish gold. Try to find postage stamps in vain. After supper in the hotel start on the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe R.R. in a very fine car.

Tuesday, April 4. We travelled through New Mexico today, higher land, cooler, fresher air, it seemed to me a decided improvement upon Arizona which was dreariness itself. And yet when I made some such unfortunate remark to a lady in the dressing room who looked far too fresh & pretty to belong to such a place, she answered briskly: "Dreary? No, I live here and don't think anything about it, but my husband says we have only climate to offer - climate for sale & climate to give away." The little woman from Tombstone says she never did like New Mexico, Arizona is so much more pleasanter! They have had experience & ought to know, but I still think I would take my chances in New Mexico. Heat & dryness (I call it dust) do not make a tempting climate to me. However, the first part of New Mexico was much the same, & we travelled through more than half of Arizona by night. This young woman from Tombstone started on an emigrant ticket, but at Bethrose she could only choose between common cars with no berths, and the Pullman, so on account of the children she came to our car. At the breakfast station I gather a piece of cactus, the same we saw with yellow flowers yesterday. Red cliffs, mts., and pine & fir trees. We climbed very fast. Passed a log hut, crevices filled with mud & fresh white muslin curtains at the windows. Joe & I sat out on the platform

for a long time. Wrote up this journal & a letter to May. A colored woman, the wife of the porter pointed out a mt. with a flat peak where the Indians drove a number of Mexicans & starved them. She is on her way to Los Vegas to try the baths for her health, wh. has broken down from constant confinement in the school room. She is principal of a colored girls school in Kansas City, but has been in Boston & New York. She prefers the east having always been used to "to breathe the air of freedom" & Miss. was a half slave state. The man behind us whistles the same tune constantly to Joe's despair. 4 young Englishmen are traveling with an enormous lunch basket; sticks & umbrellas, shawl straps & portmanteau innumerable. One carried on a mild flirtation with a young girl who leaves us tonight to travel through Colorado. The younger one has a sketch book, wh. we wish we could see. [Insert: He told the story of Cromwell's two skulls at the British Museum.] The latter's older brother seems to run the party. He & No. 4 smoke most of the time. A young girl & her uncle, who has a kind face & seems very fond of her, have come from Tihiti on their way to Chicago. Tonight is very cold. We crossed into Colorado after dark & sat out on the platform in the moonlight as long as we could keep comfortable.

Wednesday, April 5. Today we have travelled thro' a Kansas prairie. My idea of a prairie this time, flat as a waveless sea as far as the eye can reach. Wrote & mounted my pressed flowers. The man behind us still whistling the same tune. Three kindred spirits have been playing cards. We hoped for a rest, but it only lasted one or two games, then he whistled as before. None of them wanted to gamble, so they only played for 2 or 4 bits! We have passed the land of trees & the houses are adobe; or often a hole dug in the ground, stakes set close together all around it & over the top the whole is banked over with clay. Later in the day we came to more wooden houses. The little children from Tombstone ran about the car & when the little boy saw a house, he called it "a town" & when he saw several houses & some stores he called his sister to see "A large town almost as big as Tombstone!" Their mother says she is going to a place about 200 miles south of Kansas City, where she lived before she went to Arizona, when she was first married and her husband says perhaps he will sell out & follow her. She says people can buy plenty of emigrant tickets to go west but not to go home again. One of the young Englishmen looked trist this morning but is cheering up now. A tremendous shower at dinner time, the lightening some distance off, but it poured in torrents. Prof. Blake, an old gentleman in front of us, has stayed at Mrs. Carter's in Honolulu. He has a pleasant face. It cleared in the afternoon, but after dark we still saw lightening in the clouds. At the supper station we had a good walk, & then stood out on the platform some time. It is much milder tonight.

Wednesday, Apr. 6. Were called this morning before 5 &



arrived at Kansas City 5:30. Some houses on the hill looked very pleasant, the town had a thrifty, well-to-do & growing look. This is a day's journey to St. Louis, so we are in a car of reclining cars. All our old friends have gone except the 4 Englishmen, who practised the tune of our whistling friend on the platform. Missouri is a rolling country. Apple & cherry trees are in blossom. What looks like Judas trees full of flowers in the wood, & soft fresh spring colors every where. From Jefferson City we followed the Missouri River almost all the afternoon, and it was very pretty, but the dust and heat were intense. A lady who came on board at St. Louis says the season is a month earlier than usual. On the platform at Jefferson City a kind looking woman was talking about a boy who came from Honolulu. He turned out to be Arthur Logan, who came with his father, mother & little sister on the same steamer with us. The father had been a missionary at the Caroline Islands & was coming home for his health. The rest of the family stayed over somewhere & he was sent on alone, with a paper of written directions from his father. Also a letter of introduction to some kind gentleman in Ohio. He is only 10 years old. Mrs. Walker & her baby, another missionary from Micronesia, were on the same train & he gave her his lower berth & helped to take care of the baby, walking up & down the aisle with it. And when the baby & its mother left he said he was so sorry, he missed the baby. A man from Kansas City talked to Joe & said he knew Col. & Mrs. Morse very well. He told us that a negro killed a policeman a day or two before in K.C. & the people hanged him within an hour on a bridge. The people all about us talk of Jessie James, a well known outlaw, who has just been murdered for the sake of a reward that was offered for his body, dead or alive. At St. Louis we only had 25 minutes. I foraged for the lunch basket. There was such a crowd of emigrants that Joe could hardly get his tickets, then a green clerk came, who did not know the price, changed them once or twice & finally after keeping him waiting almost all his time gave him the wrong ones. He only had time to buy a bottle of beer & get on board the train. As it started he remembered he had not rechecked his baggage. On consultation with the conductor he found that he could telegraph from Cleveland & have the trunks sent after us.

Thursday, April 7. Met the lady from St. Louis in the dressing room. She asked me if I were not an Englishwoman. At breakfast she sits at our table in the dining room car. The Kansas City friend came in & sat down beside her, took a bottle out of his pocket & offered us all some whiskey! A young woman in a wonderful gown seemed to be the head waitress & they brought us each enough breakfast for three. The K.C. friend told us afterward of another outlaw, worse than Jessie James, who buried little children alive. "You remember that little girl who ran about our car yesterday, with the sandy hair? Well, he buried two nice little girls, just like her, buried them in the same grave with their



father, with all their nice clothes on! and they have not caught him." At one town we passed today a woman postmistress came out in a gingham sun bonnet for the mail bag. At Cleveland Joe arranged about his trunks & we sent a telegram to Mr. Brewer saying we are due tomorrow at 2.40.

Friday, April 8. This morning I had a long talk with a lady from Cincinnati, who spends her summers in Hanover N.H. & who is on her way there now. She knew Mr. Haughton's family and often stays at Mrs. Brown's. She said Mrs. B. & Miss Susie were going to Europe this summer & wanted her to go too, & take her little grandson. She knows Mrs. Dixon at the Islands, and Mr. Moncure D. Conway in London. Her name is Mrs. Caroline Bates, & she is a cousin of Rev. Mr. Wright in Boston. We went out on the platform for some time & rejoiced in the snow under the trees on the hills, and sentimentalized over Mass. ground & air before we crossed the border! At last we arrived in Boston and found Ned, then Susie & John on the platform to meet us. Nan had driven in with Edwin & Charlie. We stopped at Grandfather's & Mr. Brewer's on our way home. Mary & George came up to see us later. Mary & John stayed to tea & M. & I walked over to see Lillie. So we saw as many people as we could in one day. It is delightful to be at home again, and to find everyone so well, with nothing more serious than colds that will soon be all right again.

## IDENTIFICATIONS FOR HONOLULU SECTION OF JOURNAL

Many individuals in the Journal are named by first or last name only. This list was compiled in order to assist the reader with full identification and relationships, as many of those mentioned had family as well as business connections.

Four families are particularly important: Brewer, Carter, Jones and Judd. These are listed in family groups and the date given is the first mention in the Journal.

**BREWER:** Charles Brewer (4/8) was one of the founders of C. Brewer & Co., but had returned to Boston to live. He had four sons:

Joseph Brewer (12/5) was referred to by his wife, writer of this journal, as "Joe."

William Parsons Avis Brewer (12/27) referred to as "Will," was a sugar planter on Maui. May (12/27) was his wife.

John Dominis Brewer (1/9) died in 1879. His widow, Nannie (12/28) was living in Honolulu in 1881-82. Charlie (1/9) was their eldest son.

Edward May Brewer was not in Hawaii at this time, but was probably the "Ned" in the 2/19 entry.

**CARTER:** Henry A.P. Carter was the senior partner in C. Brewer & Co. at this time; however, he was away on a diplomatic mission to Europe in December 1881 and early 1882. Mrs. Carter (12/28) was Sybil Augusta Judd, sister of Albert Francis Judd and others mentioned. (See JUDD) The Carter children mentioned were Agnes, age 12 (12/28); George, 15 (12/29); Cordelia, "Cordie", 6 (1/11); Charles, 18 (1/15); and Joshua, 2 (1/14).

Joseph O. Carter (12/29) was the brother of H.A.P. Carter. His wife was Mary E. Ladd. Mary Carter (12/31) was a daughter. Oliver (1/17) was probably the son Joseph Oliver Carter Jr., age 14.

"Gussie" (2/28) may have been the daughter Rachel Augusta, 18.

Samuel Carter (12/29) was another brother. His wife was Harriet L. Hampstead.

Catherine Carter, a sister, was married to Robert Lewers (1/5).

**JONES:** Peter Cushman Jones (12/27) was a partner in C. Brewer & Co. and in charge in the absence of H.A.P. Carter. Mrs. Jones (12/27) was Cornelia, daughter of E.O. Hall. The children were Edwin ("Eddie, Ned") age 18 (12/27); Ada, 12 (12/27); and Alice, 2 (12/27).

**JUDD:** Albert Francis Judd (12/28, Judge Frank Judd) was the brother of Mrs. H.A.P. Carter. His wife was Agnes Hall Boyd. The children mentioned were Agnes, 8 (1/11) and Albert, 7 (1/11).

Charles Hastings Judd (12/29, Col. Judd) was the brother of A.F. Judd and Mrs. Carter. He was not in Hawaii at this time. His wife was Emily C. Cutts. Daughter Helen, 19 (12/25) arrived on the ship with the Brewers. Julie, 21 (1/9) was also a daughter.

Laura Fish Judd Dickson (1/16 as Mrs. Dixon) and Elizabeth Kinau Wilder (12/29 as Mrs. Samuel Wilder) were sisters. Laura Wight (1/23 as Mr. & Mrs. Wight) was a daughter of the Wilders.

"Miss Judd" (12/28) was probably Helen Judd, another sister who never married.

Others in the Honolulu section who can be identified beyond the information in the Journal are:

Adams, E.P. (12/25) merchant and auctioneer. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were on the "Zealandia" with the Joseph Brewers.

Allen, William F. (12/29) collector general of customs. Married to Cordelia Church Bishop, a niece of Charles Reed Bishop.

Antoine, George (1/15) a nurseryman.

Armstrong, William Nevins (1/20) attorney general and temporarily minister of the interior for King Kalakaua.

Atherton, Mrs. Joseph Ballard (3/11) was Juliette M. Cooke.

Austin, Benjamin H. (12/31) associate justice of the supreme court.

Bishop, Charles Reed (12/28) banker and investor in C. Brewer & Co.

His wife was the Princess Bernice Pauahi.

Bishop, G. Bradley (1/20 as "young Mr. Bishop") a nephew of C.R. Bishop.

Brown, Miss (1/2) cannot be identified. There were several Brown families with daughters in Honolulu at this time.

Castle, George P. (12/27) and his wife, Ida May Tenney, were on the "Zealandia" with the Brewers.

Castle, Miss (1/14) either Helen, 21, or Caroline, 23, daughters of S.N. Castle. Neither were married at this time.

Cleghorn, Miss (12/28). either Helen, 18, or Annie, 16, daughters of Archibald Cleghorn.

Comly, James M. (12/31) U.S. minister to Hawaii.

Cruzan, John A. (1/16 and later. Given as Crusan, Couzan, Coussanie)

Edith Cousanne (1/13) may have been his daughter. He was pastor of the Seamen's Bethel.

Damon, Samuel C. (1/6) pastor of the Bethel Union Church. His wife was Julie Mills.

Damon, Samuel C. (12/30) banker and son of the Rev. Damon. Wife was Harriet M. Baldwin.

Dillingham, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. (1/7) merchant. Wife was Emma Smith.

Dole, Sanford Ballard (1/2) attorney. Wife was Anna Cate.

Dominis, Mrs. There were two at this time, both living in Washington Place: Mrs. John Dominis, widow of Captain Dominis, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Owen Dominis, Princess Liliuokalani.

Either could have been meant in the 1/2 entry. Mrs. John Dominis would have known Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brewer in Honolulu in the 1840s. Mrs. John Owen Dominis, sister of King Kalakaua, would have been showing them the Palace (1/20).

Dowsett, Mrs. Mary (12/31) widow of Samuel H. Dowsett and sister of Alexander McKibben.

Emerson, Dr. Nathaniel B. (1/10) physician.

Furieux, Charles (12/29) artist.

Fyfe, D.K. (1/7 Fife) prison superintendent.

Glade, Mr. and Mrs. J.C. (1/4) merchant.

Hall, Charlotte (1/14) age 5, daughter of W.W. Hall and niece of Mrs. Jones.

Hall, Mr. and Mrs. E.O. (12/29) father and step-mother of Mrs. P.C. Jones.

Harris, Mrs. F.H (12/29 as F.N.) widow of Frank Hervey Harris.

Hart, Charles F. (1/24) judge and sugar planter, No. Kohala, Hawaii.  
His wife was Rebecca Kahalia; the daughters Alice Ida (later known as Lillie), Susie and Mabel.

Hartwell, Alfred Stedman (12/28) attorney. His wife was Charlotte E. Smith. Daughter Edith later married Alfred Carter, son of Samuel M. Carter, and son Charles later married Cordelia Carter, daughter of H.A.P. Carter.

Hatch, Francis M. (12/31) attorney.

Hoffman, Dr. and Mrs. Edward (12/29) physician.

Kinnersley, C.S. and J.R. (1/19 as Kingesleys) arrived in Honolulu in October 1881; listed as "gentlemen."

Kirk, Miss E. (1/9) passenger on the "Zealandia" with the Brewers.

Koechlien, M. and Mme. G. (1/3) passengers on the "Zealandia."  
probably tourists as the left in August. Identified on the passenger list as German.

Lewers, Mrs. Robert (1/5) was Catherine Carter.

Makee, Mrs. (1/16) widow of Captain James Makee. Her daughters (1/19) would have been Kate Lee and Rose; the other four were already married.

Makee, Mrs. Parker (3/17) daughter-in-law of Mrs. James Makee.

McCully, Mrs. (1/7) wife of Associate Justice Lawrence McCully.

McGrew, Mrs. (12/28) wife of Dr. James McGrew, physician.

McKibben, Alexander (12/31) druggist and brother of Mrs. Dowsett.

Oat, Joseph M. jr. (12/27 Oate). Wife was Maggie Oat.

Parke, William C. (12/30 Park) marshal of the kingdom. Mrs. Parke was Annie Severance. Misses Bernice and Annie Parke (1/23) were daughters.

Parker, Henry Hodges ( 1/15) pastor of Kawaiahao Church.

Paty, Mrs. (1/4) probably the widow of Captain John Paty. Her son, John H. Paty, however, was also living in Nuuanu Valley.

Purvis, Miss (12/29 Purviss) possibly Minnie, one of four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purvis (3/6, Pervis) and a friend of Mrs. Bishop. Mr. Purvis was a sugar planter on Kauai.

Ruth, Princess (1/7) Ruth Keelikolani, heir to the Kamehameha family lands. Her brother, Kamehameha V (d. 1872) had a home in Moanalua Valley, most of which belong to Ruth and which apparently was the destination of the ride.

Severance, Mrs. Anna (12/30) widow of Luther Severance, former U.S. Consul in Hawaii, and mother of Mrs. Parke.

Severance, Miss (12/31) possibly Helen, daughter of Luther Severance of Hilo and granddaughter of Mrs. Anna Severance.

Waterhouse, Mr. and Mrs. John (12/30) could be either Sr. or Jr.  
Both were merchants and lived in Nuuanu Valley.

Whiting, W. Austin (1/8) attorney.

Whitney, Hervey (1/21) assistant chamberlain to King Kalakaua and acting chamberlain at this time in the absence of Col. Judd.

Whitney, Dr. J.M. (3/4) dentist.

Wicke, J.H. (3/3 as Wiki) cabinetmaker.

Wodehouse, Major J.H. (3/3 as Woodhouse) British commissioner and consul-general.

# MAP —OF THE CITY OF— HONOLULU, H. I.

SCALE 1200 FEET TO 1 INCH.

Showing location of residences mentioned  
In Journal

## Judd St.

- 10 S.G.Wilder
- 26 A.S.Hartwell
- 29 J.Comly

## Nuuanu St.

- 302 J.Paty
- 261 H.A.P.Carter
- 253 E.A.Adams
- 227 P.C.Jones
- 223 A.F.Judd
- 219 S.M.Damon
- 217 E.O.Hall
- 211 J.T. Waterhouse Sr.
- 201 J.T.Waterhouse Jr.
- 192 J.O.Carter
- 178 J.D. Brewer

## School St.

- 25 R. Lewers
- 28 Antoine's

## Kukui St.

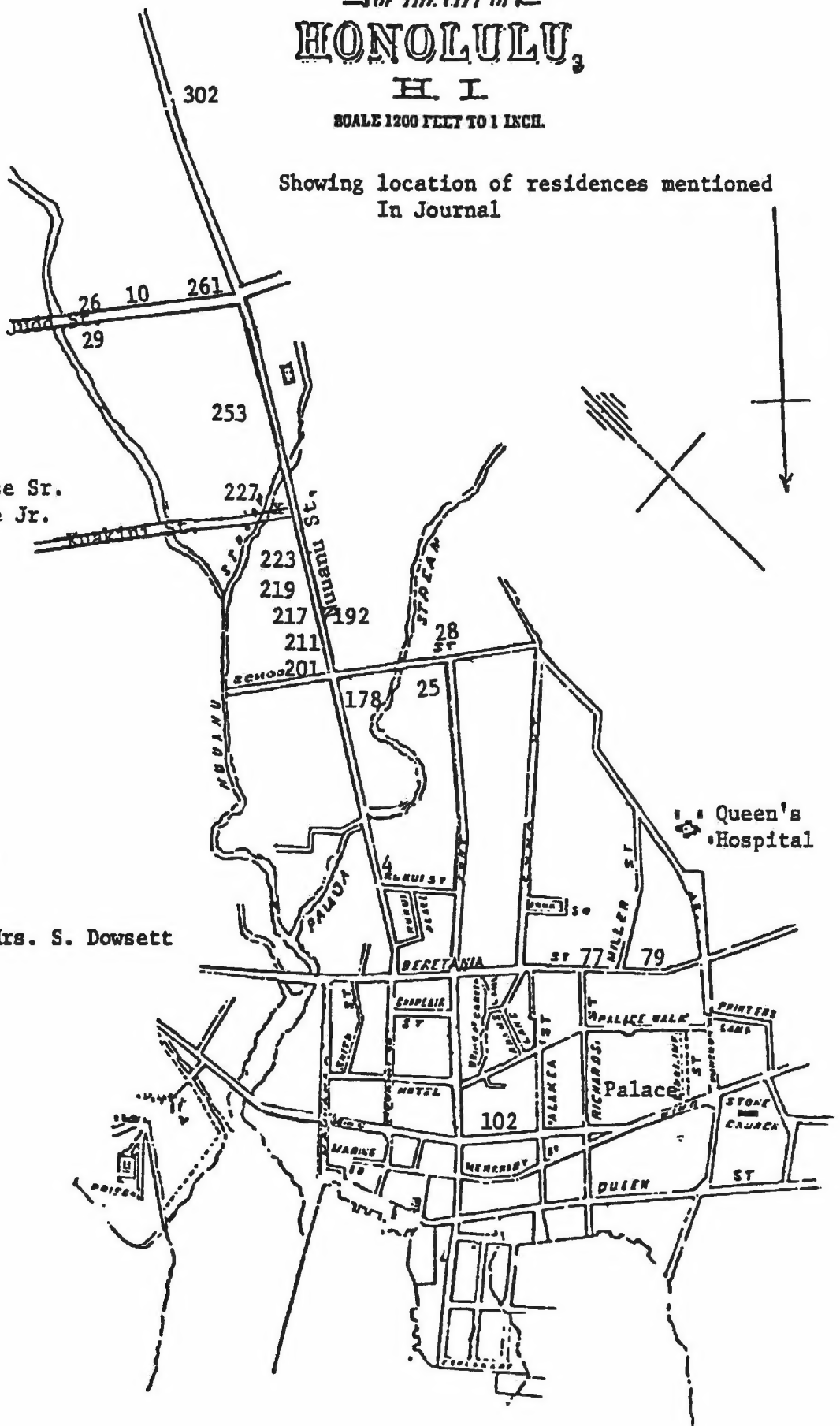
- 4 W.Parke

## Beretania St.

- 46 Mrs. J. Makee
- 49 J. Dickson
- 77 J.O.Dominis
- 79 A.McKibbin & Mrs. S. Dowsett

## King St.

- 102 C.R.Bishop





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